

Love Will Set You Free

**THE POET, THE PRISONER &
THE FOOL** : Remain unbiased and
curious to know what is universally true:
with the necessary changes having
being made you will know the tears
of things and that Love is the essence
of Life.

David Scanlon

LOVE WILL SET YOU FREE

“To see and to hear without thought the truth of the world can be heard again; experiencing the world beyond self-hood’s everyday needs, and the making of things, is our one true freedom and the source of all love.”

THE KEEPER OF FLOCKS - VIII

“This Is the story of finding her, my Muse.
This is the reason that I understand
And it cannot be any more truthful
Than everything that those philosophers think
And everything that those religions teach.”

Alberto Caiera

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

Translated and Amended by David Scanlon (2018)

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ALSO BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE POET, THE PRISONER & THE FOOL

POETRY FOR BUSINESS: FIRED BY PASSION

POETRY FOR BUSINESS: CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS

SPEAK OF LOVE: CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS

TRANSLATIONS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

POEMS OF ALBERTO CAEIRO - FERNANDO PESSOA

NEEHAR - MAHADEVI VARMA (TRANSLATED WITH PARUL
SINGHAL)

FORTHCOMING BY THE SAME AUTHOR

POETRY FOR LIFE: SEEING AGAIN

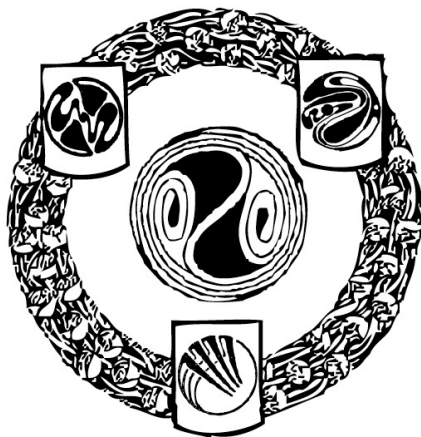
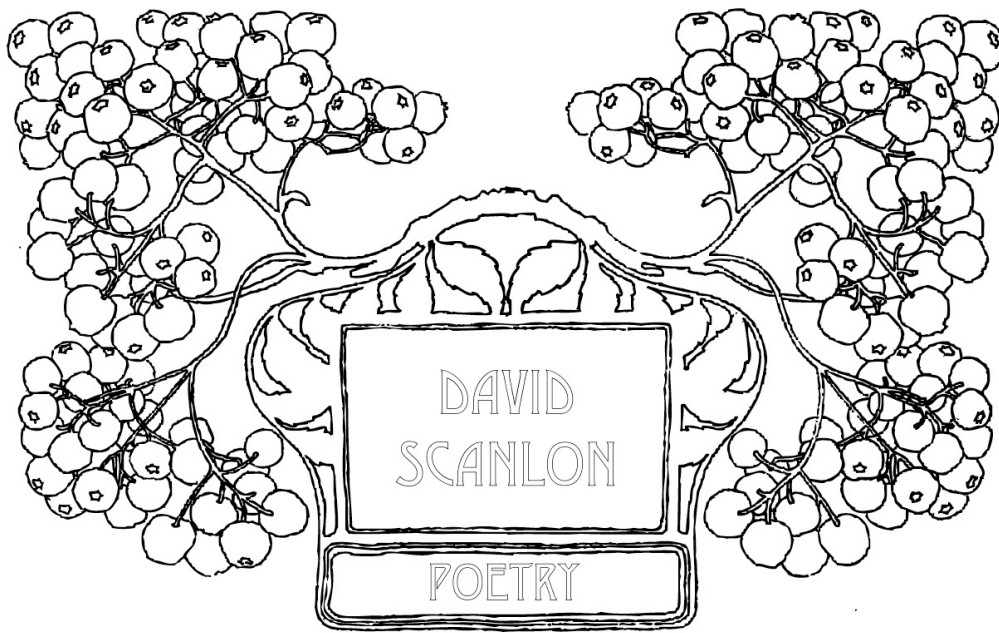
COLLECTED POEMS: NEW TRANSLATIONS

19 POEMS, TRANSLATED FROM 12 LANGUAGES, FROM POEMS WRITTEN OVER 2000
YEARS, DESCRIBING THE SOURCE & BIRTH OF POETRY.

CHARMES

POEMS OF PAUL VALÉRY

TRANSLATED FROM FRENCH



LOVE WILL SET YOU FREE

**THE POET, THE PRISONER & THE FOOL :
REMAIN UNBIASED AND CURIOUS TO KNOW
WHAT IS UNIVERSALLY TRUE: WITH THE
NECESSARY CHANGES HAVING BEING MADE YOU
WILL KNOW THE TEARS OF THINGS AND THAT
LOVE IS THE ESSENCE OF LIFE.**

By

DAVID SCANLON

THE FOOLISH POET PRESS



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PUBLISHERS DETAILS

DEDICATION	<u>vii</u>
FINDING HER VOICE	<u>viii</u>
ON POETS: II PAUL VALÉRY - C.M. Bowra	<u>viii</u>
POETRY AND ABSTRACT THOUGHT - Paul Valéry	<u>x</u>
CONVERSATIONS FINDING LOVE	<u>xi</u>
LA DIVINA COMMEDIA - Purgatoria - Canto XXX - Dante Alighieri	<u>xxxiv</u>
THE KEEPER OF FLOCKS - VIII - Alberto Caeiro	<u>xxxviii</u>

PARTS

PART 1 - <u>THE POET</u>: THE KNOWING & UNKNOWING START - POETRY COMES - The Poet, The Prisoner, & The Fool - Modern Man in Search Of Analysis, Philosophy, and the Spirit: Life Through The Musing of the Scientist Poet.	<u>1</u>
PART 2 - <u>THE PRISONER</u>: THE KNOWN & UNKNOWING AWAKENING - POETRY & WORK STRUGGLE - Poetry For Business: Fired By Passion - The Simplicity Of Business Finding A Voice: Life Through The Musing of the Scientist Poet.	<u>31</u>
PART 3 - <u>THE PRISONER WANDERING DEEPER</u>: THE FLOWERING OF TOGETHERNESS - POETRY & WORK PLAY TOGETHER - Poetry For Business: Continuing Conversations - The Conversations Of Business Finding A Voice: Life Through The Musing of the Scientist Poet.	<u>62</u>
PART 4 - <u>THE FOOL</u>: IN LOVE FREEDOM - LOVE, POETRY, & WORK FIND FREEDOM - Speak Of Love: Continuing Conversations - The Love For Life Finding A Voice: Life Through The Musing of the Scientist Poet.	<u>181</u>

APPENDIX

PERMISSIONS	<u>207</u>
PERMISSIONS PROCESS	<u>208</u>
BIBLIOGRAPHY	<u>224</u>

FOR CLARE FRETTSOME,
PARUL SINGHAL, GUNILLA BERGFELT,
FERDINAND PESSOA, PAUL VALÉRY,
& MAURICE BOWRA;

THE MUSES WHO HELPED ME FIND
THE WAY.

A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO THEODORE
ZELDIN WHO SHOWED HOW CARE,
DILIGENCE AND INSIGHT CAN
CHANGE THE WORLD ONE
CONVERSATION AT A TIME: MY
WORKS WOULD NOT HAVE EXISTED
WITHOUT ONE CONVERSATION IN
OXFORD;

THE OXFORD MUSE WHO INSPIRED
ME TO JUST WRITE.

FINDING HER WAY

**I PLAYED WHEN I SHOULD PLAY,
I LAUGHED WHEN I SHOULD LAUGH,
& I LOVED WHEN I SHOULD LOVE.**

FINDING A WAY TO SEE CAME LATER.

**I WORKED WHEN I SHOULD WORK,
I CRIED WHEN I SHOULD CRY,
& I SPOKE WHEN I SHOULD SPEAK.**

FINDING A WAY TO LISTEN CAME LATER.

**I SLEPT WHEN I SHOULD SLEEP,
I WOKE WHEN I SHOULD WAKE,
& I WROTE WHEN I SHOULD WRITE.**

FINDING A WAY TO BE WITH HER CAME.

ON POETS: II PAUL VALÉRY

"THE DISCORD BETWEEN INTELLECT AND SENSATION IS SETTLED WHEN THE POET ACCEPTS LIFE AND ENTERS INTO ITS ACTIVITIES WITH AN UNDIVIDED BEING. IN THE PROCESS NOTHING HAS BEEN LOST.....THE POET HAS FOUND HIS RELATION TO LIFE, BUT ON THE WHOLE HE LIVES IN A RARE AND SPECIAL ATMOSPHERE. HE WRITES FOR THE FEW. SUCH POETRY IS ONLY POSSIBLE WHEN THERE EXISTS A CULTIVATED SOCIETY ABLE TO FACE ITS DIFFICULTIES AND TO UNDERSTAND ITS SUBTLITIES. ABOVE ALL IT IS THE POETRY OF AN EXTREMELY INTELLIGENT MAN, WHO KNOWS WHAT THINGS ARE AND IS NOT AFRAID TO SEE THEM IN THEIR TRUE NATURE. IT DEMANDS THE SACRIFICE OF MANY FALSE OR ROMANTIC NOTIONS. IT NEEDS A CONSIDERABLE ADJUSTMENT OF MIND BEFORE IT'S FULL STRENGTH IS REVEALED ... REPRESENTATIVE OF THE AGE IN WHICH IT WAS WRITTEN, SCIENTIFIC AND SCEPTICAL OF TRANSCENDENTAL HYPOTHESES BUT WILLING TO ADMIT THAT IN THE VARIED PATTERN OF LIFE THERE IS MUCH THAT CALLS FOR WONDER."

MAURICE BOWRA (1898 - 1971)

**C.M. BOWRA (1961) THE HERITAGE OF SYMBOLISM. SCHOCKEN BOOKS:
NEW YORK. (PAGES 54-55)**

POETRY AND ABSTRACT THOUGHT

POETRY IS AN ART OF LANGUAGE. BUT LANGUAGE IS A PRACTICAL CREATION. IT MAY BE OBSERVED THAT ALL COMMUNICATION BETWEEN US, CERTAINLY COMES ONLY FROM PRACTICAL ACTS AND FROM VERIFICATION WHICH PRACTICAL ACTS GIVE US..... I HAVE ASKED YOU FOR SOMETHING. YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING: YOU HAVE UNDERSTOOD ME.

BUT IN ASKING ME FOR SOMETHING, YOU WERE ABLE TO SPEAK THOSE FEW IMPORTANT WORDS WITH A CERTAIN INTONATION, A CERTAIN TONE OF VOICE, A CERTAIN INFLECTION, A CERTAIN LANGUOR OR BRISKNESS PERCEPTIBLE TO ME. I HAVE UNDERSTOOD YOUR WORDS, SINCE WITHOUT EVEN THINKING I RESPONDED TO WHAT YOU ASKED FOR. BUT THE MATTER DOES NOT END THERE. THE STRANGE THING: THE SOUND AND AS IT WERE THE FEATURES OF YOUR LITTLE SENTENCE COME BACK TO ME, ECHO WITHIN ME, AS THOUGH THEY WERE PLEASED TO BE THERE; I, TOO, LIKE TO REPEAT THIS LITTLE PHRASE, WHICH HAS ALMOST LOST ITS MEANING, WHICH HAS STOPPED BEING OF USE, AND WHICH CAN GO ON LIVING, THOUGH WITH QUITE ANOTHER LIFE. IT HAS ACQUIRED A VALUE; IT HAS ACQUIRED IT AT THE EXPENSE OF ITS FINITE SIGNIFICANCE. IT HAS CREATED THE NEED TO BE HEARD AGAIN.....

HERE WE ARE ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE POETIC STATE.

I SPEAK TO YOU, AND IF YOU HAVE UNDERSTOOD MY WORDS, THOSE VERY WORDS ARE ABOLISHED. IF YOU HAVE UNDERSTOOD, IT MEANS THAT THE WORDS HAVE VANISHED FROM YOUR MINDS AND ARE REPLACED BY THEIR COUNTERPART, BY IMAGES, RELATIONSHIPS, IMPULSES; SO THAT YOU HAVE WITHIN YOU THE MEANS TO RETRANSMIT THESE IDEAS AND IMAGES IN A LANGUAGE THAT MAY BE VERY DIFFERENT TO THE ONE YOU RECEIVED. **UNDERSTANDING** CONSISTS IN THE MORE OR LESS RAPID REPLACEMENT OF A SYSTEM OF SOUNDS, INTERVALS, AND SIGNS BY SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT, WHICH IS, IN SHORT, A MODIFICATION OR INTERIOR REORGANISATION OF THE PERSON TO WHOM ONE IS SPEAKING. AND HERE IS THE COUNTER-PROOF OF THIS PROPOSITION: THE PERSON WHO DOES NOT UNDERSTAND **REPEATS** THE WORDS, OR **HAS THEM REPEATED** TO THEM.

CONSEQUENTLY, THE PERFECTION OF A DISCOURSE WHOSE SOLE AIM IS COMPREHENSION OBVIOUSLY CONSISTS IN THE EASE WITH WHICH THE WORDS FORMING IT ARE TRANSFORMING INTO SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT: THE **LANGUAGE** IS FIRST TRANSFORMED INTO **NON-LANGUAGE** AND THEN, IF WE WISH, INTO A FORM OF LANGUAGE DIFFERING FROM THE ORIGINAL FORM.

IN OTHER TERMS, IN PRACTICAL OR ABSTRACT USES OF LANGUAGE, THE FORM - THAT IS THE PHYSICAL, PRACTICAL PART, THE VERY ACT OF SPEECH - DOES NOT LAST; IT DOES NOT OUTLIVE UNDERSTANDING; IT DISSOLVES IN THE LIGHT; IT HAS ACTED; IT HAS DONE ITS WORK; IT HAS BROUGHT ABOUT UNDERSTANDING; IT HAS LIVED.

BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, THE MOMENT THE CONCRETE FORM TAKES ON, BY THE EFFECT OF ITS OWN, SUCH IMPORTANCE THAT IT ASSERTS ITSELF AND MAKES ITSELF, AS IT WERE RESPECTED; AND NOT ONLY REMARKED AND RESPECTED, BUT DESIRED AND THEREFORE REPEATED - THEN SOMETHING NEW HAPPENS: WE ARE INSENSIBLY TRANSFORMED AND READY TO LIVE, AND BREATHE, AND THINK IN ACCORDANCE WITH A RULE AND UNDER LAWS WHICH ARE NO LONGER OF THE PRACTICAL ORDER - THAT IS, NOTHING THAT MAY OCCUR IN THIS STATE WILL BE RESOLVED, FINISHED, OR ABOLISHED BY A SPECIFIC ACT.

WE ARE ENTERING THE POETIC UNIVERSE.

PAUL VALÉRY (1871 - 1945)

VALÉRY, P. (1985) THE ART OF POETRY (BOLLINGEN SERIES) (OPEN LIBRARY).
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS: PRINCETON. (PAGE 64 -65)

CONVERSATIONS FINDING LOVE

Enclosed is a story of numbers and things that exist and things that do not exist, except in our imagination. It is about the world of work, the world of science and how different approaches to change in the world impact individuals: it is about how one person changed one poem at a time, one conversation at a time (*Conversation (1989) T. Zeldin*). It is about how one person learned to manage self better in the presence of others, through constantly exploring what it means to be together in the ongoing conversations of everyday work (*Zeldin, T, Scanlon, C. (2000), Stacey (2000)*) - explored through poetic expression. The story reached an ending in the understanding that remaining unbiased and curious (*rerum novarum cupidum*) we come to know what is universally true (*sub specie aeternitatis*). Then, with the necessary changes having being made (*mutatis mutandis*), we will know the tears of things (*lacrimae rerum*) and that love is the essence of life (*amor est vitae essentia*). **A universal truth rediscovered: poetry and sciences different truths-from-action reconciled, a story complete.**

The collection of enclosed poems came from surreal moments of inspiration, from within conversations, which then emerged in words that spoke of patterns and numbers in the poetic form taken: it is an exploration of intuitive and creative acts occurring in the everyday goings-on of work and living; a poets truthful and thoughtful expression of striving and making things in the service of the needs of others, whilst also making and creating art in the form of poetry; a simple coming together of ideas and things and emotions and conversations expressed in simple poetic forms, which emerged out of the many complexities and subtleties of living and working with others. It is a story about learning to live a poetic life, whilst living an everyday life (*Valéry (1985)*). A story in which art co-exists and co-creates with business in the changing conversations of life.

This thing you are now reading is about how playing with numbers and patterns often deepened unresolved moments, which came with feelings of known incompetence - a

negative capability (John Keats - (1785 - 1821)). As the patterns deepened and further feelings of uncertainty were left in the emotional stew, a living anxiety enabled further understanding which was experienced in intuitive poetic leaps. Within the lived uncertainties and emerging unknowns came a beauty which appeared more and more in the ongoing conversational meaning making, which both inspired poetry and created different types of conversation in the on-going productive work of making things. Unpredictable connections appeared from the collective unconscious (C.G Jung) shaped in first lines of poems, which then rushed into existence as if coming from another place. A poetic voice stumbling to find a place to be but without any rational theoretical explanation of its force; a fight between the rational world of making things and the poetic world of creating things was started. The more the poet stopped thinking and followed the intuitive patterns the more poetry flowed (Bowra, C.M., Bowra (1947), Bowra (1961), Bowra (1967), Maritain (1977), Valéry (1985)) and a different self emerged, a new self in which the making of things in work was also enhanced. Work creating art and art contributing to work: poesies and science truly together in every day conversations.

In the emerging aesthetic understanding of form and function as beauty (Maeterlink (1903), Santayana (1955)), in poetry and of things made and living, was a growing trust of how an intuitive voice, coming from truly seeing and listening and hearing in conversation, is able to heal various made up and experienced divisions in self and others. Over time form, as seen within the poems of this book, constantly changed and what can be heard in verse is a different, more feminine, tone emerging in words of love and care: so poems, in their function, were becoming more able to move and stimulate others into deeper reflections about their own conversations with others. A shared beauty made in the goings on of work.

Exploring different notions of feminine voices, firstly through psychological approaches (C.G Jung - anima & animas, Freud, S. (1934) - sexual), moved the poet some way but making-in-action remained within the conscious world of thinking - the dominant voice of societies. However, in poetic trust of the archetypal, ethereal, unthinking, poetic patterns or symbols (Bodkin (1934)) - experienced through the female voice of the muse - a true movement came, experienced again as poetic insight, and a movement beyond thinking. And, with an acceptance of the

beyond-thinkingness coming from an irrational space, came an overwhelming flood of understanding in the form of feminine love.

A restless movement was reconciled and things were ever more clearly seen as they really are, a truthfulness of being-in-action and work-in-action was reconciled and yet not resolved. In this book a philosophical thesis was completed and an ability to move on was possible as the complex became simple. A philosophy expressed in 32 words after 20 years of searching, coming after one profound moment of partial seeing. A way of being, in the world of making things, at peace with others-in-action and self-in-action, expressed in the following words *“Remain unbiased and curious to know what is universally true: with the necessary changes having being made you will know the tears of things and that Love is the essence of Life.”* A way of living a good life in a joyful presence with others, in our chosen conversational words of business and science, was discovered: a philosophy complete.

Patterns, or as others call them symbols ([Valéry \(1985\)](#), [Bowra, C.M., Bowra \(1947\)](#), [Bowra \(1961\)](#), [Bowra \(1967\)](#)), not really present, and yet somehow primordially

shaping a new reality from within pure moments of insight, allowed a joining of scientific and poetic capabilities - intuitive poetry coming from the many fully experienced poetic moments of rational endeavour ([Shotter & Katz \(1999\)](#)): work and art and science together in conversational poesies ([Valéry \(1985\)](#)).

Intuitive poetry ([Maritain \(1977\)](#)) shaped from patterns mirrors perfectly the intuitive scientist, who creates breakthroughs through deepened meanings coming from visions, patterns, or symbols, and who then go on to shape and build new ideas which enable the making of things in the real world.

As Valéry states in passage starting this book *“then something new happens: we are insensibly transformed and ready to live, and breath, and think in accordance with a rule and under laws which are no longer of the practical order.”* We are *“Entering the poetic universe.”* ([Valéry \(1985\)](#)) and the world of the irrational of everyday living-in-action.

What appears different between the poetic and rational world is intention: poems create truth about events which may be universal, in their outcome, but was not the poets intention; science creates truth

from events which needs to be universal, in their outcome, which is the scientists or business intention. A connection made between living-in-action and making-in-action: art and science at one.

These soul movements in science and business and poetry are similar to many religious experiences, where a person experiences humanistic insight about a way of living which helps others live a better life. For those who seek understanding beyond self and have spiritual underpinning, located in particular deities or enlightened individuals, this outer and inner experience is explained one way. For the scientist or engineer it is explained another way. This story explains a poetic way, emerging within a mainly rational community, and is written by a scientist in search of spirituality and the soul.

And so this story has become a philosophy. The meaning and completion of the book emerged for this scientist poet from the beauty of patterns - numbers - symbols which enabled the author to move beyond and find a reconciliation, but not resolution, in love. An outcome over time was a synthesis of the irrational poet, anti-thesis, and the rational scientist, thesis: a way of meeting the human need

for control, in understanding and making, whilst also living in awe in the mystery of life expressed in art. A process of becoming which was more accepting of all ways which help people live a better life, whether rational or irrational, combined with an understanding of how these different ways lead to both creative and destructive acts helped the author find peace in working and living and writing poems. An acceptance of the impacts of living-in-action for what they are and yet, like Sisyphus, a patience to continue speaking into the world in a particular way that draws attention to how we go-on together. The acceptance has allowed art, through poetry, into work with amazing outcomes.

In finding a way of being in the world, at peace and humane, the author is not conceited enough to name this way anything. Having scientific, poetic, humanistic, and religious roots - four approaches seeking truth but too often separated in the strength of feelings experienced in doing their work ([Mills, J.S. \(1859\)](#), [Snow \(1959\)](#)). - it is expressed in the words of soul and beyondness and love. These words are often defined as spiritual or religious, but the poetic emergence described here is concretely grounded in everyday making and

creating. Art, poetry and love released every moment of every day by paying attention to our everyday conversations.

In the acceptance of all human experiences, which lead to a good life, the author asserts a philosophy which places human existence-in-action at the centre of all change without criticism of the rational (science) nor irrational (poetry) nor spiritual (religion) as each play different important roles for different people in our goings on together.

The whole work, four different poetic collections, came together to hold a new fuller meaning, an expression of a new phase of future poetic and personal growth; a movement beyond self within self, through an acceptance of self and other through love.

We are what we are for we are entirely social animals ([Mead \(1932\)](#)) who cannot understand our place in the world and so constantly seek and, in-action, constantly try to find ourselves in our movement through time and space. In our ways of being together we all see patterns which shape our words and reality but only when we spend time in reflexive practice, reflection-in-action ([Bion \[1961\] \(2000\)](#), [Schön \(1983\)](#), [Scanlon, C. \(2000\)](#)) when

past and present come together in everyday conversations to shape futures in a more realistic way, can some people move beyond the everyday ways and see differently ([Eliot \(1953\)](#), [Eliot \(1957\)](#), [Maritain \(1977\)](#), [Valéry \(1985\)](#), [Bowra, C.M., Bowra \(1947\)](#), [Bowra \(1961\)](#), [Bowra \(1967\)](#), [Bion \[1961\] \(2000\)](#), etc). Maybe the next phase of growth may further deepen and show how art can enhance work and science in simpler ways!

The first phase of meaningful poetic growth was an exploration of what is going on during events in work where people are together-in-action, shaping conversations.

In history the leaders, mystics, poets, and religious in combination shaped the rules as they spoke together of their desires for a given society. Over time the voice of science and politics and business has grown as workers became both creators and consumers of things, made from other things, which create monetary or societal value.

This story is therefore an exploration and search to understand more about how people today interact and converse with themselves and others in their daily making. In this first phase of poetic awakening and searching many different

writings were consumed and conversations taken about the practicality and helpfulness of ideas, many of which claimed impacts and authority which did not resonate truthfully with the lived experience of everyday people. The positive and negative impacts of ideas in the everyday conversations was the focus of attention: a splitting which was not always helpful.

An uprootedness, unfairness, discouragement, excitement, idealism, pragmatism, and hope-fullness was heard in many voices who appeared to be eternally seeking and longing for better ways of being together-in-action an un-rootedness ([Weil \(1971\)](#)). Many used words beyond their initial meanings and appeared to use them in service of individualistic aims and needs, as described by Valéry in the opening quote. So words on their own carried little meaning, as meaning was made in the social relationships of meaning making ([Mead \(1932\)](#), [Valéry \(1985\)](#)) - *an entering of the poetic world*.

Uncertainties about self and future were expressed in many private conversations. Different conversations occurred in the public domain, which often focussed on abstract futures and the application of

ideas. Abstracted futures, on ideas which could be tested and repeated, led to new things - science. Abstracted futures, on ideas which could not be tested and repeated, led to different opinions - the politics involved in asserting power. What was observed was different ways of speaking between formal and informal ways of being together. This difference between private and public conversations appeared to make a dissonance, which had self-similar properties to public and private conversations with self - disclosure and non-disclosure, conscious thoughts and unconscious actions: the poetic and rational world of working together.

Being together in conversation at work held different properties shaped around control and uncertainty, success and failure, fear and freedom, joyfulness and humiliation, care and betrayal, love and hatred. Many conversations talked about wanting to change, about respect for self and others, and about getting more control of self and the surrounding environment. Few conversations expressed the subtleties and nuances of our different ways of being together-in-action without, in some way, making the other something outside self to be feared or at worse made an enemy ([Elias \(1995\)](#)). The language was excluding, whilst wanting to include: a

paradox and elusiveness which only different forms of writing can open - an *entrance to the poetic world*.

The rational thinking about futures often overtook the emotional and words of work could not seem to bring together the worlds of the emotional and practical. In this phase poetry was awoken in a transcendent way, which slowed down time and appeared in patterns and words at midnight one day.

The second phase of meaningful growth was in academic study ([Stacey \(2000\)](#), [Griffin, D. \(2002\)](#)) exploring how complexity theory and relationship psychology ([Bion \[1961\] \(2000\)](#), [Mead \(1932\)](#), [Foulkes & Anthony \(1957\)](#), [Foulkes \(1964\)](#)) might provide insight into the ongoing seeking. In passing the final examination, in the joy of a conversational academic defence, the key argument was that the thesis really only described 'method' - method being one critical part of science in establishing repeatability, the primary roots of scientific discipline and truth.

When moving from method to rules there is a movement from science to religions and other organisational constructs. When rules are replaced with Laws there is a

movement towards government and democracy.

Whilst the complications of living within 'organisations' was clear, and coping mechanisms evolved to make living-in-action together possible, there was no easy ways for given individuals to balance the needs for individual freedom whilst living within rule based control which was asserted by power.

In the writing of Kant, a firmly religious man, the relationship of existence in the everyday between 'Method, "Rules", and "Law" was clear - they each should be obeyed until other evidence, approaches, or precedent appear to shape more honestly and fairly a description of human endeavour. However Kant was also clear in 'sapere aude' and speaking freely, which some find easier than others. The dance between obeying method, rules and laws whilst at the same time speaking freely about the challenges he called Enlightenment ([Kant \(1784\)](#), [Foucault \(2007\)](#)) and also the basis of democratic governance ([Weil \(1971\)](#)).

The method discovered focussed on the collective nature of conversation, the main theme of many of the poems, where lived experience of power exists as does the

collective meaning making which allows us to create and shape our environment. Within the everyday conversational seeking for future success the attention was rarely paid to how, in presence-in-action, irrational emotions split, corrupt, and enthrall leading to challenges in execution. Many business ideas come and go on how to correct the human failings and yet underlying human emotional responses-in-action appear the same over time, controlled in organisations through power relationships and respect for others authority. That is, they appear to have power located somewhere else which cannot be spoken - an *entering of the poetic world*.

Different organisational and individual ideologies play a strong part in everyone's life and, at this stage in the story, the underlying reasons for behaviour and emotional impact were becoming more clear to the author, seen as each person's way of articulating 'how to live a good organisational life-in-action,' which is what all seek and few find.

The author parted from organisational and psychological theories and sought to find a way of understanding that worked for the author, which could then be articulated in a way that made more sense of the

everyday-in-action which shaped poetry. Anchoring the everyday-in-action through words which captured the event and the emotions in a simple expression that, at the same time, allowed each their own interpretation was the goal. The method was poetry, in which, as many have stated ([Bowra, C.M.](#), [Bowra \(1947\)](#), [Bowra \(1961\)](#), [Bowra \(1967\)](#), [Eliot \(1953\)](#), [Eliot \(1957\)](#), [Murdoch \(1998\)](#), [Jones \(1952\)](#), [Maritain \(1977\)](#), Pushkin, etc), each poem is both concrete, for the poet, and elusive, for the reader, at the same time.

In reading a great poem each time some new meaning may appear and so each person can come to the poem and make their own meaning (Pushkin - [Bowra \(1947\)](#)). When a poem makes meaning in this way for a new reader, beyond its initial intent, then the poem has possibilities of being universal, which is never the intent of the poet, as the poem may have tapped into something more ethereal, emotional, and archetypal: a shared experience of life-in-action in simple poetic words. Hence, a repeatable emotional outcome beyond the initial written poem and with outcomes quite different for each reader ([Eliot \(1953\)](#)). Delightfully different outcomes occur which may range from no interest at all to moments of pure insight and, through reflection-in-action, deep

insights. Poetry appeared similar to conversation but with the possibility of constant movement over time, as new meanings from the same event become a possibility from the expression of simple words which move and stimulate in a way which becomes universal. Being moved and stimulated is the basis of human change, however brief or sustained it may be, so poetry does change people one poem at a time. *“In expressing what other people feel he is also changing the feeling by making it more conscious; he is making people more aware of what they feel already, and therefore teaching them something about themselves.”* [Eliot \(1957\)](#), (Page 20).

In parting from the academic environment a number of unresolved areas were clear in the academic writing: a searching for something mysterious and spiritual, a need to belong in a group who appeared to care about living together in a different way, the historical and present place for religion; a maturing understanding of personal emotions related to power relationships with women, particularly those in authority.

Maybe the academic Ivory towers of Oxford had the answer - enter Theodore Zeldin ([Zeldin, T.](#)) and his profound words of wisdom “Why would you want to

confine yourself with academic writing, why not just write.” Theodore went onto comment that in the “academic writing,” which he was kind enough to read, the author appeared to be a poet trapped in a scientist's body. The author was, like many people, stuck in many ways: an elected prisoner of circumstances. So began the next phase, where the focus was on the most important conversations - family, friendship, community and doing work.

Spending more time in loving conversations with family and friends, and supporting local community growth, provided a different meaning: a different conversation emerged. Focussing on doing work and at the same time talking of work in a different poetic way lead to further success at work.

Poetry coming from work-in-action was always shared with colleagues who inspired the poem, which lead to other conversations where ideas seemed to more and more resonate with others lived experience in work and opened up the possibilities of deeper conversations. The poems did express something of how people felt, which was unspoken, and taught the poet and readers something about their shared experiences of living-in-action.

An apparent balance in life was achieved but was still anchored in future thinking and creating change: new buildings and business models (social); academic and vocational choices (family); business change and thinking and doing to deliver value (work). In relationships at home, with men and women in power, and friends and colleagues in delivery, a confidence in self grew further, as a poetic voice and self was heard and valued. There was still a restless seeking best expressed by Hermann Hesse in ([Siddhartha \(1922\)](#)) but without a clear view of any 'Siddha' - enlightenment. The 'Artha,' search for meaning, continued.

Moving beyond 'method' and with a different focus the poet emerged ever stronger - within self something powerful, mysterious, unscientific, was occurring which could not be explained in words of science. No rational or academic words of science or business could be found that were helpful.

Being poetically open in everyday conversations allowed the intuitive inspiration that poets need to write, which was always present. Poetry flowed, without being forced, and the poems continued to be shared with those who inspired the work, which was now clearly

seen as a collective activity. This process became a new way of being together-in-action. The value to others who received the poems was clear, and some of those dialogues are referenced in the quotes found in this book.

As work is so important, has particular forms of conversation, and inspired the poems it became clearer who the audience beyond the creative act maybe. So the poems were shared more broadly too. Firstly as a way of sharing with friends but soon the sharing grew beyond an initial circles of friends. *"It matters little whether a poet had a large audience in their lifetime. What matters is that there should be at least a small audience for the poet."* [Eliot \(1957\)](#), (page 21) best expresses the poets view of purpose.

Spending more time in the most important conversations, the everyday actions of family, and a community of friends, the work of writing a book was postponed; though the author had a passionate desire to speak of something. The title and themes of the book were clear, as were the problems, but the scientist needed also to describe solutions. The solutions could not be seen, frustrating the rational scientist.

Doug Griffin an academic tutors' words hung around "You will write and you will know when the time comes, be patient." The scientist still held on to the hypothesis of the book to be written, with the title hanging over the author like the bleakest dark imagined Raven of Poe. It was to be a non-fiction book covering the material of this book. The focus of a future event, the completed book, was still present, which shaped the continual restlessness of seeking, and the attention needed to read and write poems. A poetically patient gestation period began where writing was poetry, with some failed attempts at starting to write a book, and where work was productive and fun and caring.

When ever possible and in what ever form poems were written, with scraps of them scattered all over - a depth of feeling constantly rediscovered in the strangest of places. The poems were not collated as they were seen as a way of being not a product. 'The book' of collected thinking was the obsession, which also allowed a different learning focus - an anxiety of not-delivering to understand.

Like a conversation poems, when they have taken their form and performed their function, hold differently in the memory depending upon the emotional impact;

some are forgotten others linger in the memory and shape more things to come. In conversations we all just continue and move on from one to another conversation with the emotional residue lingering consciously and unconsciously helping us go-on-in-action. However, the poems, and conversations which shaped them, hold powerful meaning for the author. When revisited or rediscovered the poems rekindle something concrete, a moment in time, and yet have fresh meaning. In having meaning beyond the moment of inspiration the poem has the possibility of universal meaning: a truth which can be only spoken in the elusiveness and ambiguity of poetry ([Eliot \(1953\)](#), [Eliot \(1957\)](#), [Murdoch \(1998\)](#)). Poems were shared more broadly still, and a tentative collation started. People beyond the initial creation, and subsequent sharing, also found meaning and their quotes too can be found within this book. The meaning people made beyond the creative act provided more encouragement to write poems as they appeared to have universal meaning and therefore some value.

The author also read and read and read, often on vacation recovering from what a friend Angela named as being "relieved to be away from the constant pressure" but often felt stuck when it came to writing.

Attempts at writing were started and always failed. Reading focused on poets, poetry, amazing writers who spoke of living a good life and poetic critics. On each vacation relaxed from pressure, at peace with family in joyful activities, and taking time to be absorbed in conversation with writers (friends) who had travelled the path before, moments of transcendental insight came as did, more and more, poetry.

Whereas business writers and academics engaged the brain, in the rationality of delivery of things, the books now read engaged the soul in the irrational of goings-on-in-action. Throughout this book these moments of soul engagement are referenced with quotes from the books of friends, which gave moments of transcendental insight and provided more and more insight into the truthfulness of poetry.

In the other poets, writers, mystics, more and more of self, as a poet, was understood: a growing acceptance that poets are born to be poets, as they can see and can hear and can speak about the world in important and unique ways. In speaking poets know it to be their truth and yet if the poem has form and function it will have an aesthetic beauty ([Maeterlink](#)

[\(1903\)](#), [Santayana \(1955\)](#)) and may hold universal meaning for others ([Eliot \(1953\)](#), [Eliot \(1957\)](#), [Bowra, C.M., Bowra \(1947\)](#), [Bowra \(1961\)](#), [Bowra \(1967\)](#)). Poems, through poets, speak often of archetypal patterns ([Valéry \(1985\)](#), [Bodkin \(1934\)](#), [C.G Jung](#)) which the poet intuitively accesses ([Bowra, C.M., Bowra \(1947\)](#), [Bowra \(1961\)](#), [Bowra \(1967\)](#), [Maritain \(1977\)](#)). For some poets the intuition is about seeking and for others the poetry is about being. Each finding their own way of being a poet whilst writing-in-action.

When the moment came to write it came in the form of poetry collections and not as the dense academic thesis anticipated. It came as feelings and emotions expressed in poems, which took on themes and shaped collections. The first two collections came quickly and the third became a project to document a year in poems. The fourth emerged only after a major change, which was an acceptance of growing beyond a particular type of discourse.

As the writing began many other things-in-action changed. Female leaders found ways of touching a soul in a way that it began to open. In opening up more and more poetry flowed. Connections between female leaders-in-action and the

source of poetry began. These living amazing women became my muses as their words spoke of a different reality more in-tune with the words emerging in poetry.

Gunilla, the strongest, wisest, most gritty, charming, person did one thing no other person has even done in the authors life. In each conversation there was a freshness which always allowed the author to see something new in the world. A rare and amazing gift, which felt similar to the experience of writing poems. The deepening of 'Gunilla as a muse' came in moments of reading profound poems, which spoke of conversations with Gunilla - bringing back her profound words of wisdom, which were now also experienced as universal in the words of poems. Gunilla has inspired and continues to inspire some of the authors deepest poems. The intuitive gifts of a leading business person were intuitive and 'poetic' as described by Valéry - Gunilla lived in the poetic world (unconsciously).

In deciding to write books the support of the authors spouse, Clare, enabled the creation of a mechanism to write: the creation of the 'The Foolish Poet Press Ltd.' In Clare's acceptance of the need to write a deep love was further deepened.

Many of the poems of love are written from this deep well: a respectful, funny, caring, partnership. Another critical step in further enabling the collections to emerge through a gift of encouragement and trust. As my happiness in writing grow our partnership further deepened, and the poetry deepened and changed. With the last collection wholly dedicated to her love and acceptance, with many poems inspired by her love.

As a scientist the author rarely came into contact with living poets, with the exception of [John O'Donohue \(1956-2008\)](#) for a wonderful intimate day in Connemara. Yet, from many ideas in respected writers, the author had anticipated one day to find a platonic kindred male muse. Until that day the resilience of the poetic writing, without that poetic friendship, would be maintained in the friendship and companionship of the other friends - those amazing poets whose writing continuously speak - mainly male poets.

The final muse was a surprise, initially resisted, because Parul was not a man. The expected kindred poetic partner emerged as a women. In rich poetic exchanges, along with moments of profound insight, coming out of a work

based coaching relationship, the authors work was again transformed. As the author supported the emergence of Parul's poetry there was an opening up of a new way: an acceptance of 'her' the muse, yet to be understood. A poetic conversation of creation-in-action lead to ever deepening trust of the poetic voice within.

With the influence of three profound muses, a growing acceptance of the poetic voice, and with writing flowing the final stages of the story were without notice appearing.

This story does not end in the anticipated place: this book did not end up in the imagined form. The reconciliation of science and poetry came in truly accepting others and things for what they are and going on everyday with love.

Few, in the modern era, have successfully reconciled the scientific and poetic ways. To fully understand needs a connection to science and the spiritual, which feels excluded in our modern conversations. The two areas of meaning making being separated sadly : art and love one way and science and practical things another way ([Mills, J.S. \(1859\)](#), [Snow \(1959\)](#)).

In History one man, who also choose a different name like the Foolish Poet,

[Paracelsus or Theophrastus von Hohenheim \(1493 – 1541\)](#) was 'a pioneer in chemical therapeutics' and 'prophet or diviner.' He was amongst the few renaissance thinkers who bridged medieval archetypes, eastern philosophy, religion and science. As a practical scientist and physician he was sceptical of the current ideas and found, like the author, that "*He who knows nothing loves nothing. He who can do nothing understands nothing. He who understands nothing is worthless. But he who understands also loves, notices, sees. . . . The more knowledge is inherent in a thing, the greater the love. . . . Everything lies in knowledge. From it comes every fruit. Knowledge bestows faith; for he who knows God believes in Him. He who does not know Him does not believe in Him. Everyone believes in what he knows.*" [Theophrastus Paracelsus: Lebendiges Erbe](#). (1951)[1942] (Page 237).

Whereas Paracelsus took meaning in his God what I came to know was 'her' the eternal muse and a different type of knowing. Poetry was experienced as echoes in words from ancient archetypes in the words of poems, which expressed something unspoken in the everyday goings on of work. With the poems came

love and a willingness to speak of what is seen - the poetic universe ([Valéry \(1985\)](#)).

In reading others experiences of their creative act profound similarities were seen in the lived experience of the author and the lives of other poets. Similar experiences were also expressed by academics, psychotherapists, and mystics.

The muses eternal voice was also found in ancient wisdom from the cradles of civilisation Ishtar (Mesopotamia), Saraswati (Hindi), Sophia/Shekinah (Hebrew) and the Celtic mother earth goddess's of Dôn, for the Welsh, and Danu, for the Irish. As Apollo required his 'Apollon Musegetes' so the scientist needed to find truth in the muse and accept with faith the intuitive gifts from living-in-action with others. Poets have always found ways of accessing the deeper archetypes which unconsciously shape us ([C.G Jung, *Bodkin \(1934\)*](#)) and have then accepted the joys and burdens of speaking her truth. A truth with substance but without evidence. A poetic product made from living-in-action, a process - which tell this story. A story both elusive and direct: one in which the reader can find their own path whilst been gently guided.

[Dante Alighieri \(1265 - 1321\)](#) wrote beautifully on how difficult his journey to hear the angel Beatrice, his muse, was in [La Divina Commedia \(1310\), *Purgatorio . Canto XXX*](#) (See translation on page xxxiv). Beatrice's rebuke was equally firm and clear about the different paths taken before hearing her voice (See translation on page xxxiv).

So the author now sees and hears as Omar Khayyam described "*My love has touched the topmost of its flame. The beauty of her who holds my heart in thrall is beyond praise. My heart speaks, but my tongue, made mute, refuses utterance to my thoughts. High heaven, was aught ever seen so strange! I am raked with thirst, and yet a fresh cool stream flows before me.*" [Omar Kayyamm \(1048 -1131\), \(1110\)\[1900\] *The Rubaiyat of Omar Kayyamm*](#), - Translated by Justin Huntley McCarthy. Little Brown & Company; Boston - (CCVII page 105)

With acceptance of the archetypal female voice of the muse as the source of poetry the final stage was complete.

At this point all the collections of poems came together as a whole and in an intuitive moment of understanding the shape become clear, a submerged

philosophy locked in the separate elements spoke: the book always envisaged appeared, a philosophy for living a good life had been created. Work, science and art together making-in-action everyday through living-in-action. A place for intuitive understanding - the poetic universe of business conversations speaking-in-action in a unknown language - and a place for the rational world - the making of things in business conversation working-in-action. Art and science always together in our making.

The first phase of growth is captured in the title of the imagined book “The Poet, The Prisoner and the Fool” which was the first collection of poems. The completion of the book released the burden of self expectation and opened a floodgate of writing: the dense academic book was gone in the joy of creating a poetry collection. It was the first acceptance that the Foolish Poet, the authors pseudonym, was gone and the author appeared as a poet. The Foolish Poet was the name used for sharing poems with friends on the internet up to this point. It was a name shaped after experiencing the joy of Fernando Pessoa’s poems and was a symbolic gesture, similar to Pessoa who wrote using heteronyms, that the poems were the most important thing not the

poet. It was a means of sharing poems with friends, a request from many friends, without anyone else knowing the poet.

The second collection emerged rapidly after the first and was called “Poetry For Business: Fired by Passion.” It spoke of the challenges of wanting and desiring success within the world of work and the consequences. The collection speaks of the challenges and joys and stuck-ness when working-in-action, where expectations on self and others can become unreasonable in the struggle of making things. The desire and passion created value in the things made and relationships built and poems written. The poet was learning to find the audience of poems; speaking of business to business people in poetry. It was the beginning of putting art into every day business.

The third collection “Poetry for business: Continuing Conversations” came as a concept and project, where the poems were written over the year 2017 and reflect the ongoings-in-action of a the year where significant things happened in the authors work and life. The collection was written over seasons, reflecting upon the cycles of life whilst also reflecting upon the lived actions-in-working. The collection deepened the meanings coming from the

many conversations at work, the primary audience. In the poems different inspirations and none-work themes appeared more, as reflections of other conversations beyond work. Work life and poetry got ever closer.

In the final phase, after leaving the conversational working home of thirty years, the fourth collection of poems emerged which was “Speak of Love: Continuing Conversations.” The collection emerged rapidly as the author paid attention to his muse and with her voice in full cry something else happened.

Attention was paid to the love of life and in the final book peace is found. The fool realised that what had always been there was both the thing that drives us forward and the thing we search for: she, the eternal muse, was always there and eternally present in love.

This book took shape as the four collections fell into a whole meaning: an intuitive leap joined the four collections together as “Love Will Set You Free” a story again in four parts. A self-similar pattern again emerging!

The four parts of this book now reflect the seasons of human growth and the challenges of work where love, expressed

as art, will set us free from our self imposed tyranny. In accepting love, as art, in our heart we find a deeper and lasting peace when it is conscious and unconscious at the same time. In that peace a way of seeing and speaking truth becomes clearer:

1 THE POET: The knowing and unknowing start which we all take on as we begin to discover who we are. The poetry starts.

2 THE PRISONER: The known and unknowing awakening as living-in-action collide with reflection-in-action. We begin to discover the different places to focus in life for happiness, leading to feelings of helplessness, homelessness, and stuck-ness; feelings which cannot be spoken and yet impose on every conversation. The artless work of making with passion. Poetry and work struggle for a place.

3 THE PRISONER - WANDERING DEEPER: The flowering of togetherness as living-in-action and reflection-in-action begin to find a balance and a possible way of living a good life through deeper focus on conversation. Art finding a new way to enhance the experience of work and speak with truth of the lived experience. Poetry

and work play together in harmony but still restless and trapped without seeing love.

4 THE FOOL: In love freedom is found as living-in-action and reflection-in-action become one as a good life is fully experienced. The fool, who should have moved beyond thinking quicker, finds peace in acceptance of self-in-action and other-in-action. The place for intuitive action and the art of living and the acceptance of being an artist, in conversations of work, find a harmony: a place for art in work. Love, poetry and work find a freedom. The art of work shown in our love and care.

As the fool became wise a philosophy of 32 words emerged “*Remain unbiased and curious to know what is universally true: with the necessary changes having being made you will know the tears of things and that Love is the essence of Life.*” What was learned was always present but obscured by a rational world and needed distance to be seen.

At this point in the story another journey has begun, one of finding in poetry even deeper expressions of love. A new voice has emerged in poems speaking of love, through seeing and hearing more clearly.

Through translating the works of Fernando Pessoa, who moved beyond thinking to deeper seeing and hearing experiences, and the works of Mahadevi Varma, who found love and beauty in nature and in the human joys and struggles, the authors aim is to further deepen the process of non-thinking in writing: an even fuller experience of poetic joy. Where this story will end, who knows! So the poet and scientist is reconciled with the truths-in-action which are together provided by living-in-action, conscious everyday conversations, and reflection-in-action, unconscious conversations with the eternal muse. A fuller life can be experienced when our unconscious love, expressed in the language of art, and our conscious making, expressed in the language of science and making, are in harmony: poetry has a place in the ongoing conversational language and may change the world again, one conversation and one poem at a time.

This story was written to understand restlessness and moments of insight but is shared in the hope that it may help others in work who want to find a peace in living-in-love, in the poetic universe, whilst making-in-life.

Strangely Siddhartha's journey, in the words of Hermann Hess, and this story end in similar ways with an acceptance that it is our words which separate us, for when we see and hear and stop thinking we fully experience love. Siddhartha speaks to Govinder "*The words do not express the in-between meanings well, they become increasingly all the same yet at the same time different, a little distorted, words a little foolish. At the same time it is very good and pleases me, and about this too I am satisfied, that one person's precious and wise words sound like foolishness to another.*" (Translation David Scanlon (2018), ([Hess, H. \(1922\)](#)) This story is the foolish nonsense of one man who discovered a way to live at peace.

"That is why I can, through her, love. This is now a lesson, about which you will laugh: Love, O Govinda, appears to me in everything and is the most important thing in our being. The whole world sees, explaining to you contempt, through what the great thinkers say. But I, solely because the world is able to love, feel it is better not to despise, and not to hate, but rather see you and I and everyone being at one in her love and admiration and reverence." (Translation David Scanlon (2018), ([Hess, H. \(1922\)](#)) This story is about the journey to love, one poem at a time.

Reflecting on this book, which speaks of learning and culture and conversations of work over 20 years, the privilege of working with amazing people in an amazing conversation that accepted poetry into the fabric of our working together became clear. More than that, a deep overwhelming sense of appreciation of a conversational language which allowed: the individual to flourish in their own way; a tolerant listening and encouragement of "*a small vanguard of people,, who are independent and somewhat in advance of their time and who assimilate novelty more quickly*" [Eliot \(1957\)](#) (Page 21) which encouraged creativity. Over time the language of the conversation created amazing people who working-in-action made amazing things but in an honest and challenging environment. Within the conversations was an immense hidden love and care in the working-in-action, which was overtly expressed within a passion for a unique language (science and medicine for patient care), which also encouraged and enabled poetry to flourish.

As is often the case T.S. Eliot voiced this feeling as well as anyone "*We may say that the duty of a poet, as poet, is only indirectly to his people: his direct duty is to his language (Sic - mine being a language*

of business and science), first to preserve, and second to extend and improve. In expressing what other people feel he is also changing the feeling by making it more conscious; he is making people more aware of what they feel already, and therefore teaching them something about themselves. But he is not merely a more conscious person than the others; he is also a person different from other people, and from other poets too, and can make his readers share consciously in new feelings which they had not experienced before. That is the difference between a writer who is merely eccentric or mad and the genuine poet. The former may have feelings which are unique but which cannot be shared, and therefore useless; the latter discovers new variations of sensibility which can be appropriated by others. And in expressing them he is developing and enriching the language which he speaks (Sic - mine being one of business and science) [Eliot \(1957\)](#), (Page 20).

Upon reading the last part of this collection, as an individual collection of poems, Theodore Zeldin was kind enough to remark “Your poetry is very impressive, moving and stimulating” and went on to ask “I wish you would write more about the relationship between your public

profession and your private inspirations. That is to say, if you see art having a role in work.” As this e-mail arrived this story was just coming to an end. Having now completed the book, upon reflection, it is clear that the conversations described, reflecting the making-in-action of things over 30 years, accepted love into our working together but it was never talked about as our passion remained rational. In allowing a poet-in-action, through a small audience - which grow over time, to express the collective feelings in words of love (poetry) art did live within our working-in-action every single day. Maybe, in response to Theodore’s question, more acceptance of the poetic universe of business may help others through an acceptance of art into the rational world of business. It is already present maybe it just need words of love to express it.

In many ways the poets eyes were opened in Casa Fernando Pessoa, on a March day in 2006, where, immersed in poetry, a poet met a poet in a poets house. It was an escape from the ‘relentless pressure’ at the encouragement of a friend instead of attending a conference. The imagined conversation present-in-action began the deepest of transformations: a poet accepting a voice. The language of care

and love, from a friend in a hotel after midnight, opened up a whole new world which lead to this book. Love always present but unspoken.

As this book is about accepting a voice and bringing together work and science and art it seems fitting the cycle of the seasons start again. Therefore the following poem spirals back to that same point but in a new context: a different more mature conversation.

The story ends with the poetic lines which begin this book, adapted from the Poem “The Keeper of Flocks - VIII” ([Caeiro, A.](#) (1931)[1946] [“O Guardador de Rebanhos”](#).) - see page xxxviii for the full translated poem (and original).

*“This Is the story of finding her, my Muse.
This is the reason that I understand
And it cannot be any more truthful
Than everything that those philosophers think
And everything that those religions teach.”*

A new story, a new cycle of life, a new season, a new conversation begins in love. In leaving a work place filled with care love was found in the the letting go; in writing with love art lives in the goings-on of life and work everyday.

Through out this work the author has been calling indirectly upon the distinction

between education, true learning through reflective love of learning art-loving-in-action, and instruction, human delivery of outcomes in science and business through rational love of creation - love-making-in-action. “*For instruction teaches us to work, which is necessary, but education teaches us how to live, which ought to be delicious.*” Voltaire speaking in [Linklater, E.](#) (1942) [The Raft and Socrates asks why? Two conversations.](#) Macmillan & Co Ltd: London. (page 116)

As this whole book is about helping people to see something different in our goings on together, education, it draws elusively on enlightenment thinking, in a modern context. As this whole book is also about business it draws elusively too on the same enlightenment thinking, deployed each and every day in the making of things and science. As this whole book is also about love and care it draws elusively too on all of our human thinking. With care and respect the author, in finding a truth in the interconnections of love, art, business and science, hopes that this book may help see how similar we all are in our differences.

In speaking of our how conversations shape our world the book aims to lay

again some ancient seeds on how together-in-action we can harness the learning poetic arts, reflective intuitive education in making, the delivering scientific businesses, and pragmatic rational instruction together in our making things of value: the poetic universe and the rational universe together. In describing how we already doing our work together in respectful and loving ways it is hoped that the book may help others. In planting ideas it is hoped that it contributes to ongoing conversations and shapes a new place for the feminine voice, coming in what-ever form it takes.

In speaking of learning and loving this is the joyful place I have reached but I want to complete this writing with a short quote which focusses learning and the individual challenges of creating a better world. The words come from the mouth of Beethoven. Lincoln, Johnson, Voltaire, Socrates and some common sense speaking people have been in conversation about the challenges of Governance after war and the purpose of war. Beethoven has just woken up and turns on the celestial TV to listen to the fourth movement of the Seventh symphony and then closes the conversation, as the music plays, with

the following. Linklater, E. (1943) (page 120-121)

BEETHOVEN

“Well, that is the peace I made. I had been at war like the rest of the world. But I was alone in my war, I had no allies. I knew all the anguish and disillusion that man is heir to. But I took arms against them, and in the heart of the conflict saw the peace that I should make. Do not think peace to be shallow or a placid thing. It is deep and rich. It is full of movement and joy, of work and laughter and the reaching-out of your hands to God. That is the peace of the living soul. Have nothing to do with any thin war. That is only the peace of dying. Listen There is the just and proper peace, and I saw it in the thick of battle. Will they make as good a one, d’you think?”

LINCOLN

“You set too high a standard.”

BEETHOVEN

“I was alone, but they are many. If they put all their minds together, will the sum not equal mine in desire, and vision and determination? That is the creative tyranny: desire, and vision, and determination”

The Music continues

This book is the love of my living soul.
Poetry, my education, made in the joy and
pains of making, under instruction, whilst
learning through conversations how to
lead a happy life.

The Poetry continues.

David Scanlon April 2018

As a post-script to this story of finding love
the words of Bishop Michael Curry, on the
occasion of a very public wedding, are
prescient.

*“Dr. Martin Luther King once said and I
quote: “We must discover the power of
love, the power, the redemptive power of
love. And when we do that, we will make
of this whole world a new world. But love,
love is the only way.” That's what
love is. Love is not selfish and
self-centred. Love can be sacrificial and in
so doing becomes redemptive. And that
way of unselfish, sacrificial, redemptive
love changes lives. And it can change this
world.” 19th May 2018.*

And for my parents who taught be to
believe from the belief they held, which
shaped my early life.

*“Though I speak with the tongues of men
and of angels, and have not charity, I am*

*become as sounding brass, or a tinkling
cymbal. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but
rejoiceth in the truth; Beareth all things,
But when that which is perfect is come,
then that which is in part shall be done
away.*

*When I was a child, I spake as a child, I
understood as a child, I thought as a child:
but when I became a man, I put away
childish things. For now we see through a
glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I
know in part; but then shall I know even as
also I am known.*

*Three things will last forever—faith, hope,
and love—and the greatest of these is
love.”* Corinthians 13 - 1-13 - [The Bible:
Authorised Version - The King James
Bible.](#)

It is my continuing unselfish desire to
change the world one conversation at a
time, one poem at a time through
generous expressions of her love. The
choice others make is for them but there is
a way to love, which-ever route taken.
This should be hope enough.

The Love continues.

David Scanlon May 2018

LA DIVINA COMMEDIA

PURGATORIO - Canto XXX

Dante Alighieri (1265 - 1321)

DANTE AND HIS MUSE, BEATRICE, SPEAK OF POETRY

Dante speaks of his Muse

And my spirit, that already so much
was used to being in her humbling presence,
was in awe, trembling, distraught, and scared 36

Without my eyes having her knowledge,
For hidden virtue came from her movements,
In her ancient love I heard the great power. 39

When her seeing eyes stuck me,
A high virtue that already had me prostrate
Before moving beyond childhood ways, 41

I was turned to the left and to the right
And with the trust of the immature child
Who runs scared to his mother when afflicted, 44

I spoke to Virgil "Less than a drop
of blood within me is not trembling and scared:
I now know the signs of her ancient flame." 45

Translation David Scanlon (2018)

Dante speaks of his Muse

E lo spirito mio, che già cotanto
tempo era stato ch'a la sua presenza
non era di stupor, tremando, affranto, 36

sanza de li occhi aver più conoscenza,
per occulta virtù che da lei mosse,
d'antico amor sentì la gran potenza. 39

Tosto che ne la vista mi percosse
l'alta virtù che già m'avea trafitto
prima ch'io fuor di püerizia fosse, 41

volsimi a la sinistra col respitto
col quale il fantolin corre a la mamma
quando ha paura o quando elli è afflitto, 44

per dicere a Virgilio: `Men che dramma
di sangue m'è rimaso che non tremi:
conosco i segni de l'antica fiamma'. 47

Beatrice, his muse, rebukes Dante

When your body and spirit had risen,
And with your beauty and virtue growing,
It was me, close to you, pleasing man; 129

Yet you turned and stepped another way,
Taking false roads, other visions of goodness,
Where nothing promised made you whole. 131

Nor did my invoked inspiration take you,
So in days and within dreams and otherways
I called you; but little you heeded me! 134

How low you fell that all arguments
For your salvation went wide of the mark,
Except that I show you the lost people. 137

With reason he showed you deaths door,
And to the one who lead you to that point
I begged, you are mine, weeping to lead you. 140

But God's high fate would have broken
If he let you pass and taste such rich vines
Without some penance and shedding of tears. 143

Translation David Scanlon (2018)

Beatrice, his muse, rebukes Dante

Quando di carne a spirto era salita,
e bellezza e virtù cresciuta m'era,
fu' io a lui men cara e men gradita; 129

e volse i passi suoi per via non vera,
imagini di ben seguendo false,
che nulla promession rendono intera. 132

Né l'impetrare ispirazion mi valse,
con le quali e in sogno e altrimenti
lo rivocai: sì poco a lui ne calse! 135

Tanto giù cadde, che tutti argomenti
a la salute sua eran già corti,
fuor che mostrarli le perdute genti. 138

Per questo visitai l'uscio d'i morti,
e a colui che l'ha qua sù condotto,
li prieghi miei, piangendo, furon porti. 141

Alto fato di Dio sarebbe rotto,
se Letè si passasse e tal vivanda
fosse gustata senza alcuno scotto 144

THE KEEPER OF FLOCKS - VIII

At midday at the end of spring
I had a dream like a photograph.
I watched Jesus Christ come down to Earth.
He came through the side of a hill
Becoming once again a boy
Running around and rolling through the grass
Pulling out flowers and throwing them away
And laughing so hard he could be heard from afar.

He had run away from heaven
It was too much to act like
The second person of the Trinity.
In heaven it was all false, everything in discord
With the flowers and trees and stones.
In Heaven he had to remain serious all the time
And once in a while to become human again
And climbed towards the Cross, and always had to die
With a crown completely made of thorns
And his feet driven through by headed nails,
And even with a rag around his waist
Like the natives in the illustrations.
He was not even allowed to have a father and mother
Like the other children.
His father was two people -.
An old man named Joseph, who was a carpenter,
And he wasn't his father;
And the other father was a mindless dove,
The only ugly dove in the world
Because he was not of the world nor was he a dove.
And his mother she had loved him always.

She wasn't a woman; she was a bag
In which he came from heaven.
And intended that he, who was born of his mother,
And never had a father to love with respect,
Preached of gentleness and of justice!

One day when God was fast asleep
And the Holy Spirit was away flying,
He went to the box of miracles and stole three.
With the first he did not let anyone know he had escaped.
With the second he was created forever human and a boy.
With the third he created a Christ eternally stuck on the cross
And left him nailed to the cross in Heaven
Where it serves as a model for the others.
Afterwards he fled into the sun
And went down the first ray he caught.
Today we live in my village together.
He's a beautiful child laughing and natural.
Wipes his nose with his right arm,
He goes sloshing in pools of water,
He picks flowers and likes them and forgets them.
Throws stones at donkeys,
Steals the fruit from orchards
And runs away crying and screaming from the dogs.
And, because you know they don't like it
And everybody think's it's funny,
You chase after the girls
Who go into the houses on the paths
With buckets on their heads
And lift-up their skirts.

The one he taught me everything
Showed me how to look at things.
Pointed to me all the things in the flowers.
Showed me how the stones are fun
When we have them in our hand
And look slowly at them.

He tells me much that's wrong with God
Says he is a foolish old man and infirm,
Always spitting on the floor
And speaking indecencies.
The Virgin Mary takes the afternoons in eternity making socks.
And the Holy Spirit preens with his beak
And perches on the chairs which he fouls.
All in Heaven is foolish like the Catholic Church.
He tell's me that God doesn't perceive anything
Of the things that he created —
«Assuming he created them, that I doubt.» —
«He says for example that creatures sing his glory,
But creatures do not sing anything.
Creatures exist and nothing else
Which is why they are called creatures.»
And then weary of speaking ill of God,
The Baby Jesus falls asleep in my arms
And I take him in my arms back home.
.....

He lives with me in my house in the middle of the hill
He is the Eternal Child, the God that was missing.
He is the human who is natural,
He is the divine who smiles and plays.
And that is why I know with certainty
That he is the true Baby Jesus.

And the child so human that he is divine
This is the day-to-day life of a poet,
And it's because he's always with me that I am always a poet.
And that my slightest glance
It fills me with feeling,
And the smallest sound, whatever it is,
It seems to talk to me.

The New Child that inhabits me right here
Gives me a helping hand to myself
And another whole thing exists
And so let those three go along their way as here there's,
Leaping and singing and laughing
And enjoying of our mutual little secret
Which is known in every place
That there is no big mystery in the world
And that it is all worth it.

The Eternal Child accompanies-me always.
The direction of my gaze is his finger pointing.
Mine ears are attentive joyfully to all sounds
That are the tickling he makes playing with my ears.

We get on so well with each other.
In the company of everything
We never think of each other,
But live together as a couple
With an intimate agreement
Like the right and left hand.

At dusk we played the five pebbles
At the step of the house,
Serious as befits a God and a poet,
And as if every stone
Were a whole universe
And therefore a great danger to her
In letting it hit the ground.

Later on I tell him stories of things and of men
And he smiles because everything is incredible.
Laughing at the kings and those who are not kings,
And he has pity in hearing of the wars,
And the businesses, and the ships
Which are fuming in the air of the high seas.
Because he knows that it all lacks that truth
That a flower has in bloom
And that moves with the sunlight
In the variations of the hills and the vale
And how whitewashed walls hurt your eyes.

Then he falls asleep and I'll lay him down.
I'll take him in my arms into the house
And I'll lay him down, undressing him gently
And follow a very natural ritual
Just like every mother until he is naked.

He sleeps within my soul.
And at times he wakes up at night
And plays with my dreams.
He turns a few upside down,
Putting one on top of another
And claps his hands alone
Smiling for my sleep.

.....

When I die, little boy
Let me be the child, the smallest one.
Hold me in your arms
And take me inside your house.
Undress my being, tired and human,
And lie me down in your bed.
Tell me stories, if I wake up,
So I return to sleep.
And give me dreams for me to play
Until such a time is born one day
When what you know is what it is.

.....

This Is the story of my Baby Jesus.
This is the reason that I understand
And it cannot be any more truthful
Than everything that those philosophers think
And everything that those religions teach.

Translation David Scanlon (2018)



O GUARDADOR DE REBANHOS - VIII

Num meio-dia de fim de Primavera
Tive um sonho como uma fotografia.
Vi Jesus Cristo descer à terra.
Veio pela encosta de um monte
Tornado outra vez menino,
A correr e a rolar-se pela erva
E a arrancar flores para as deitar fora
E a rir de modo a ouvir-se de longe.

Tinha fugido do céu.
Era nosso demais para fingir
De segunda pessoa da Trindade.
No céu era tudo falso, tudo em desacordo
Com flores e árvores e pedras.
No céu tinha que estar sempre sério
E de vez em quando de se tornar outra vez homem
E subir para a cruz, e estar sempre a morrer
Com uma coroa toda à roda de espinhos
E os pés espetados por um prego com cabeça,
E até com um trapo à roda da cintura
Como os pretos nas ilustrações.
Nem sequer o deixavam ter pai e mãe
Como as outras crianças.
O seu pai era duas pessoas —
Um velho chamado José, que era carpinteiro,
E que não era pai dele;
E o outro pai era uma pomba estúpida,
A única pomba feia do mundo
Porque não era do mundo nem era pomba.
E a sua mãe não tinha amado antes de o ter.

Não era mulher: era uma mala
Em que ele tinha vindo do céu.
E queriam que ele, que só nascera da mãe,
E nunca tivera pai para amar com respeito,
Pregasse a bondade e a justiça!

Um dia que Deus estava a dormir
E o Espírito Santo andava a voar,
Ele foi à caixa dos milagres e roubou três.
Com o primeiro fez que ninguém soubesse que ele tinha fugido.
Com o segundo criou-se eternamente humano e menino.
Com o terceiro criou um Cristo eternamente na cruz
E deixou-o pregado na cruz que há no céu
E serve de modelo às outras.
Depois fugiu para o Sol
E desceu pelo primeiro raio que apanhou.
Hoje vive na minha aldeia comigo.
É uma criança bonita de riso e natural.
Limpa o nariz ao braço direito,
Chapinha nas poças de água,
Colhe as flores e gosta delas e esquece-as.
Atira pedras aos burros,
Rouba a fruta dos pomares
E foge a chorar e a gritar dos cães.
E, porque sabe que elas não gostam
E que toda a gente acha graça,
Corre atrás das raparigas
Que vão em ranchos pelas estradas
Com as bilhas às cabeças
E levanta-lhes as saias.

A mim ensinou-me tudo.
Ensinou-me a olhar para as coisas.
Aponta-me todas as coisas que há nas flores.
Mostra-me como as pedras são engraçadas
Quando a gente as tem na mão
E olha devagar para elas.

Diz-me muito mal de Deus.
Diz que ele é um velho estúpido e doente,
Sempre a escarrar no chão
E a dizer indecências.
A Virgem Maria leva as tardes da eternidade a fazer meia.
E o Espírito Santo coça-se com o bico
E empoleira-se nas cadeiras e suja-as.
Tudo no céu é estúpido como a Igreja Católica.
Diz-me que Deus não percebe nada
Das coisas que criou —
«Se é que ele as criou, do que duvido.» —
«Ele diz, por exemplo, que os seres cantam a sua glória,
Mas os seres não cantam nada.
Se cantassem seriam cantores.
Os seres existem e mais nada,
E por isso se chamam seres.»
E depois, cansado de dizer mal de Deus,
O Menino Jesus adormece nos meus braços
E eu levo-o ao colo para casa.

.....

Ele mora comigo na minha casa a meio do outeiro.
Ele é a Eterna Criança, o deus que faltava.
Ele é o humano que é natural,
Ele é o divino que sorri e que brinca.
E por isso é que eu sei com toda a certeza
Que ele é o Menino Jesus verdadeiro.

E a criança tão humana que é divina
É esta minha quotidiana vida de poeta,
E é porque ele anda sempre comigo que eu sou poeta sempre.
E que o meu mínimo olhar
Me enche de sensação,
E o mais pequeno som, seja do que for,
Parece falar comigo.

A Criança Nova que habita onde vivo
Dá-me uma mão a mim
E a outra a tudo que existe
E assim vamos os três pelo caminho que houver,
Saltando e cantando e rindo
E gozando o nosso segredo comum
Que é o de saber por toda a parte
Que não há mistério no mundo
E que tudo vale a pena.

A Criança Eterna acompanha-me sempre.
A direcção do meu olhar é o seu dedo apontando.
O meu ouvido atento alegremente a todos os sons
São as cócegas que ele me faz, brincando, nas orelhas.

Damo-nos tão bem um com o outro
Na companhia de tudo
Que nunca pensamos um no outro,
Mas vivemos juntos e dois
Com um acordo íntimo
Como a mão direita e a esquerda.

Ao anoitecer brincamos as cinco pedrinhas
No degrau da porta de casa,
Graves como convém a um deus e a um poeta,
E como se cada pedra
Fosse todo um universo
E fosse por isso um grande perigo para ela
Deixá-la cair no chão.

Depois eu conto-lhe histórias das coisas só dos homens
E ele sorri, porque tudo é incrível.
Ri dos reis e dos que não são reis,
E tem pena de ouvir falar das guerras,
E dos comércios, e dos navios
Que ficam fumo no ar dos altos mares.
Porque ele sabe que tudo isso falta àquela verdade
Que uma flor tem ao florescer
E que anda com a luz do Sol
A variar os montes e os vales
E a fazer doer aos olhos os muros caiados.

Depois ele adormece e eu deito-o.
Levo-o ao colo para dentro de casa
E deito-o, despindo-o lentamente
E como seguindo um ritual muito limpo
E todo materno até ele estar nu.

Ele dorme dentro da minha alma
E às vezes acorda de noite
E brinca com os meus sonhos.
Vira uns de pernas para o ar,
Põe uns em cima dos outros
E bate as palmas sozinho
Sorrindo para o meu sono.

.....

Quando eu morrer, filhinho,
Seja eu a criança, o mais pequeno.
Pega-me tu ao colo
E leva-me para dentro da tua casa.
Despe o meu ser cansado e humano
E deita-me na tua cama.
E conta-me histórias, caso eu acorde,
Para eu tornar a adormecer.
E dá-me sonhos teus para eu brincar
Até que nasça qualquer dia
Que tu sabes qual é.

.....

Esta é a história do meu Menino Jesus.
Por que razão que se percebe
Não há-de ser ela mais verdadeira
Que tudo quanto os filósofos pensam
E tudo quanto as religiões ensinam?



ARQUIVO PESSOA

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

Caeiro, A. (1914)[1946] "*O Guardador de Rebanhos*". In Poemas de Alberto Caeiro (Nota explicativa e notas de João Gaspar Simões e Luiz de Montalvor.) Ática: Lisboa. , 1946 (10^a ed. 1993). Alberto Caeiro is an heteronym of Fernando Pessoa.

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THE POET, THE PRISONER & THE FOOL

“The world of the great poetic dramatist is the world in which the creator is everywhere present and everywhere hidden.”

Eliot, T.S. (1953) The Three Voices of Poetry (Open Library). Cambridge University Press for the National Book League: London.

IF I DIE YOUNG

“Even if my verses are never printed,
They will have her beauty, if they are beautiful.
But they cannot be beautiful and be unseen,
Because her roots are deep within the earth
And her flowers bloom with fresh air in plain sight. She
needs to be this way for power: nothing can prevent her.”

Alberto Caiera

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

Translated by David Scanlon (2018)

THE POET, THE PRISONER & THE FOOL

**THE POET - MODERN MAN IN SEARCH OF
ANALYSIS, PHILOSOPHY, AND THE SPIRIT: LIFE
THROUGH THE MUSING OF THE SCIENTIST POET**

Part 1

By

DAVID SCANLON

THE FOOLISH POET PRESS

FOR CLARE FRETTSOME,
HENRY SCANLON, LEXI SCANLON &
PIXIE FRETTSOME

THE ONES WHO KEEP ME SANE AND
ALMOST SENSIBLE

ENLIGHTENMENT IS MAN'S RELEASE FROM HIS SELF-INCURRED TUTELAGE. TUTELAGE IS MAN'S INABILITY TO MAKE USE OF HIS UNDERSTANDING WITHOUT DIRECTION FROM ANOTHER. SELF-INCURRED IS THIS TUTELAGE WHEN ITS CAUSE LIES NOT IN LACK OF REASON BUT IN LACK OF RESOLUTION AND COURAGE TO USE IT WITHOUT DIRECTION FROM ANOTHER. SAPERE AUDE!
"HAVE COURAGE TO USE YOUR OWN REASON!"

WAS IST AUFKLÄRUNG - IMMANUAL KANT (1784)

THE POET

“Poetic intuition can neither be learned nor improved by exercise and discipline, for it depends on a certain natural freedom of the soul and the imaginative faculties and on the natural strength of intellect. It cannot be improved in itself, it demands only to be listened to.”

J. Maritain (1997) [Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry](#). Princeton University Press: Princeton.



David Scanlon: Lives in Cheshire with his family and friends. He proudly worked for AstraZeneca, when published, and has devoted his working life to discovering and delivering medicines to patients in need of

new treatments. In his day-to-day activities he finds inspiration to write poetry. This first phase was written for family and friends who have created the many poetic moments.

FIND THE ONE

Somewhere on life's journey you find the one
Who captures your heart;

Transcendent beyond the life you found in one
The rapture begins.

JOY, YOU SAY, IN THE PRESENT

It is every day that passes, yet some days stay
Held together in memory, through emotions gift.
How precious the sustaining moments found
In friendship, in honour, in family become:
Nurturing the passing days in glinting joy.

Seek not the possibility of every moments joy
Rather release the hating emotions which grip,
In accentuating more the glorious points
In life, in living, in being together
They too point a path of truthful virtue.

It cannot be a hindrance to escape inside
For a moments respite from the weariness:
Cautioning only that the world still moves!
In hiding, in fleeing, in being absent
Is to forget that joy is possible always.

At a time of reflection and anticipation
A pointedness clashes with escaping realities.
Live you say, in the present of the ad-mixture
In truth, in respect, in calm serenity
Forgetting that anxious movement is all.

Take the moments yet to be created
In the day and night of daily speaking,
Grasp the feeling of who you will be
In friendship, in family, in your desires:
Live that moment now and then in full joy.

THERE IS A SOFTNESS IN YOUR BEING

There is a softness in your being
Holding itself out there for others to touch;
The ever present smell of fear haunts
A moment shared with such uniqueness.

In that small passage of time I change
Without always wishing and wanting your touch.
Holding tightly onto what is clear
Comforts the weak, who move slowly.
The fear of being moved by the care of others
Protects from many the full joy of life.

Closing up within the hurly-burly place
Is it a statement of weakness or an absence of sight?
Which ever, obliviousness to the shift
Leads towards the mutual horror of loneliness.
Softness over-ridden becomes slowly damaged,
Delicate flowers need careful sustenance.
To sustain that poetic touch is daily pain
With the finding heart needing little desert rain.

Feeling understood is a difficult art,
The vibrant colours pursued together
Never seem to settle into a precise image.
So when the created image resolves
With the meeting of softness and fear
The pure image created stays forever.

MOMENTS OF UNIQUE JOY

We move with pace through our life
Always wondering about tomorrow;
The nature of the curious is to shape
The present into a wondrous future.
Desire shaped today drive passions
That dictate the urgency of our world.

At points we stop in time and reflect:
A breath taken by a sudden impact;
A flower sharp in the morning sun;
Brightness sung from a perfect note;
A passing glance draped in pure joy;
A word of sense in crowded noise.

The drive of our life is ours to own.
Precise attention to special moments
Require a particular way of being
That comes from pure togetherness.
The learningness of being together
Shows us moments of unique joy.

Beyond the moment of rebirth
Time is slowed and the joy is free.
Flowing around us in everything
We touch, hear, and speak are
Unbridled possibilities of moments
That unleash the worlds true pace.

By slowing – to notice, pacing the passion,
Holding in tight reign the voices
Which do not want to see reality
There comes a wisdom of seeing anew.
Let the pace of life come to us all.
Let us share our joy with all who care.

I CRAVE A SIMPLE WORLD

Years go by and some things change.
Counted on by worldly machines
Progress is measured by the strange
Melody of the technicians creations.
Our hunger for the novelty of things
Marks our movement onwards.
Ceaselessly drawn into it's grasp
They hold us. Fixed upon counting,
Aided by our mechanical toys, we move.

Beyond the artifice of these things,
Their trifles and fripperies gone,
Lies a different more homely place;
Easy to describe, merciless to find,
It's quietness hurts so we hide
Amongst the technicians toys,
Where the marking of time sedates.
Finding true time in our moments
Together goes beyond playfulness.

Reflections place, joy filled anxiety,
Captures a different playful pace;
Betwixt and between-ness hides it.
Stepping beyond technical growth,
Even for a moment, refreshes we,
Who live incessantly in machines,
Amongst the driven desireousness
Essential to our societies being.
Our craving, a different oneness.

From splendid isolation's thought
Lies a gift of wholeness undreamt,
A place where joyfulness resides

Unbridled by time, ever present,
Yet seldom found: Breathed,
Sensed, an emotional humanity
Ripping at it's seams waiting
To escape anxieties binding
And force a simplicity upon us.

Words created mark our difference.
Listening to their rhapsody opens up
The possibilities of moving beyond.
Hopeful joining of an accepting world
Moves us from our island living.
Our unique words define us,
Refine us, mark our technicals,
Give voice to our fearful cries,
And express our wonder at our place.

Each voice speaks into it.
The power grows with each word.
Plugged, preventing full release,
Few have found it's potentiality.
Let those who it touches most
Find a technicians socket and plug,
Wordly join our two distinct worlds.
Forever bound, timelessness
Will carry us on to a new world.

Once joined, an uneasy restlessness
Pervades, recognised as waitful searching.
Accepting and rejecting they play together.
In our 'we' world technically joined,
In our 'I' world emotionally reconciled
Our failings and our joyfully given gifts
Co-exist in a knowing vision where
Easy pleasure comes, even in our pain.
This is the simple world I crave.

IN A SILENT WAY

Walking free in the noise,
Harnessing the timeless presence,
There speaks a voice.
Found within and without
It's march beats on resolutely
Hammering at our consciousness.
Spending time in it's rapture,
Bewildering and magnificent,
Scares those few seekers.

Homing in on the noise,
Hidden within the pointless
Rugged words devoid of meaning
Resides a way of deepening
Towards an existence.
A path rich and sensuous,
Bewildering and magnificent,
Speaks to the courageous;
Revives those few finders.

Speak of the noiseless:
Wordless in the wordiness
The moments cry out
Discovering a timeless truth
Absent but always present,
There for all of us, free,
Bewildering and magnificent.
Once the silence touches it
Nurtures, for those who know.

THE REMEMBERED MOMENTS OF OUR TOGETHERNESS

Escape not the fury and fire
Let it take you towards the mire
Of your inner being, where
The living is full bare.

Never believe that you are alone,
In the depth of the fearful moan;
For in that place is too a joy
Remotely felt as just a boy!

With lots to learn an ache is seen
Amongst the cocksure boyish preen
Shadowing this place, where
The living is full bare.

Full in remembrances embrace
Emerges that clear loving face,
One that passed you through pain,
With a voice of gentle refrain.

Even in the dark moments grip
The pleasure past can easily slip
And ease the pain, which passes fast
Replaced by togetherness past.

Let remembered moments of togetherness
Grip you every day of your bitterness
Consoling the intensity, where
All the living is full bare.

A JOURNEYMAN WHO WANTS A HOME

I walked in one day to a new world:
A place of friendly familiarity clothed
With a texture of uncertain difference.
Within my new space I found a role
To ply a craftsman's finely honed gifts.

A submerged attitude shaped a separation
In my new workshop. With belonging my hope,
In a place which I want to call my home,
How long do you hang on to the 'I'
In a world where the craft is so different?

It is so easy to claim a superiority,
As a coping mechanism to survive,
But arrogance is no humble befriender
When it only eases the uncertainty:
The truth is I know so little of this world.

I see a desire to fully comply, to be at one,
It feels too slow a pace for the problems:
A devoted few carrying the major load
As the others mingle and share and yet
Silenced by fear to really speak the truth.

Do I 'get' this place, does it get me.
My expectations of people feels wrong:
The drive and desire I expect from people
Is alien in my new world of procedure,
Argumentation and explanation for not doing.

Each corner I turn, in my new home,
I fear the building up of my alienation:
My commitment to a work contract
Drives me to be who I am, with a directness
Honed in another world of shared delivery.

My desire to be a part, means I comply
To rules that I do not fully understand,
Working practices that seem too strange:
I must go on – it is my home of choice.
My will is bending, my burden increasing.

Each direction I am given drives me on,
Failure is not an option in my bag of gifts.
The new blocks present hurdles to climb,
Puzzles to solve with my dwindling mass.
My racing mind drives on: I am fully alive.

Stuck in the betweenness of those who care –
My champions, who see me for who I am –
And those who want their simpler place –
My co-workers, who see me for who I am –
I please no-one enough to feel at home.

Does a journeyman's craft ever find peace?
Is the lot of my gift the pleasure of some,
The alienation of others, and no home?
A poet's gift sees and large shoulders
Find ways to bare the pain and go on.

Each corner I turn, in my new home,
I fear the building up of my alienation:
My commitment to a work contract

I WONDER WHY

I wonder why, when times are wry,
The little things grate and rub?
For when the word is clear
And the world feels very near
Friendships can become so dear.

I wonder what the world forgot,
In passing by the charm and grace?
For when the word has care
And the world is full and fair
Friendships have great flair.

I wonder then, but rather when,
What will become of us and them?
For when the word is right
And the world is free of fright
Friendships establish clear might.

I wonder how the thinking now
In reading on, has changed and gone?
For when the word is truth
And the world is less uncouth
Friends shout it from the roof.

IN MOMENTS BETWEEN THE SILENCES I FEEL ALONE

In moments between the silences I feel alone
Though surrounded by you all in our home.
You capture me through my voice
Pulling me to a place where we might rejoice.
And through the strained and crushing moments, hidden
We together push along a path forbidden;
Entering this clear way of despair
Requires that we chance and dare
To be ourselves along the way
And accept that in our play
Others may not see our whole
And pick away at our soul.

In grasping at the parts we see
You will only ever know a part of me.
I hope that in the bits you know
I, in at least some ways, show
A kind and haunted man
Who has demonstrated that he can
Engage in life in a full way
And not too often betray
The fallibilities of us all;
Rather, full grown and standing tall.

A SIMPLE TRUTH

Captivated by the moments gathering pace
We move, besieged by glittering promises
Without noticing the tiny adventures unfolding.
Yet within the simple truth before us
Beauty and harm lay in equal abundance:
Never are we far from the fickle embrace of others.
At certain spaces togetherness is captured,
A simple touch, a simple smile, a simple word;
Each enough to move our shape towards care.
Let the Christmas spirit touch us towards peace,
Let the simple truth of each other enter us,
Let the harshness of the world rest a day.
May our moments togetherness change the world.

STRANGELY HAPPY

You touched me on our gentle walk,
Amongst the structured science space.
Trolleying the tools of business no-one knew
The nature of the emotional content;
Few could sense the beauty uncovered
In the gentle meandering voices,
As we spoke of softness and words,
Poetry joined us until the crescendo.
Catalan voices joined Portuguese wisdom,
With the English cadence of time,
As two people found our caring souls.
Your kindness of gift appeared as we spoke,
Intuitive leaps wrapping together
Until we the emerged “Strangely Happy.”

RERUM NOVARUM CUPIDUM *(Remain unbiased and curious)*

Staying open to another's possibilities,
Expressed in their words of expertise,
Engages the dream space between us.
Seeing beyond 'Idolotry', through to
'She who must be obeyed', and onwards
To the movement of our togetherness
Requires inhuman courage:
A willingness to be within
Another's inspace home.

Existing on the edge of selfhood,
Fearlessly facing-off the darkness,
Is the continuous journey of but a few:
Never ending movement between
Our inspace and the outpace home.
Sensing and seeing our connections,
In the building and destroying of ego,
Requires a rationalising of the she love:
Opening up to a becoming home.

Keeping at bay the critical shadow,
Whilst listening to the dimorphic other -
A sharpened tag-team devoid of pity -
Will lead to madness or harmony.
Entering into the world unbiased and curious
Is essential to the mad and humane.
Deciding the outcome for each moment
Requires careful fearful disarray,
Our home always in the making.

FAMILY RECOVERY

We grappled with the sands of time,
With oceans lapping at our feet of fun
I allowed the passing world to enter.
In permitting of the space
All of me emerged again:
Fresh, re-born, re-newed.

I pondered all alone o'er hill and dale,
Frozen daily by the magnificence of time
I allowed the passing world to enter.
In permitting of the space
All of me emerged again:
New, re-born, re-freshed.

Tranquillity in the changed hum of words,
Moved by a family of simple pleasures,
I allowed the passing world to enter.
In permitting of the space
All of me emerged again:
Born fresh to a new world.

AESTHETIC UNIFORMITY: BEAUTY BEHELD

Sat within our tomb of frustration
There lies nestled a motivation of birth;
A flowering of the possible in-between
The individual passionate endeavour.
Our hidden aesthetic love of uniformity
Seeks out the voice of collective quest.
In speaking the words of my voice
The parochial and trained words destroy,
But momentarily, the escape of joining.
Your flower of spirit attempts a gathering,
Again the multiplicity defies collective.
Hours of gathering struggle to find it.

To speak of the space of our formality,
Of our gatherings, the words blame us all.
Some feel the power to continue,
Others destroy the possibility fore-ever.
In our mesmerising and memorised talk
The moment of discovery seems distant,
Never present, always in the making,
Steeped in the smell of anxiety:
The pointlessness of being, ever present,
Drives towards an ego based speaking.
Individuation of the aesthetic love of uniformity
Leaves us in the momentary stuck-ness.

The pulsation of a liquid structure-less whole
Profoundly stirs imagination, but requires
The leave behind, for moments, of selfhood
Allowing the emergence of the collective:
The discovery of uniformity in words,
A possibility of a new named thing,
Become the possibility before us:
Joint discovery of an aesthetic love
Binds us fore-ever in a present moment,
A flowing of words born before us.
Together we see the beauty of our words
Knowing they speak collective understanding.

In our hum-drum every day ways,
Our coming together in usual forms,
How often do these poetic moments of birth
Play upon our consciousness and stand out
Beyond the internal voice of frustrations?
How often does the playfulness of groups
Find the spirit of a revolutionaries voice,
Capturing that moment fore-ever in simple words.
If you cannot find in your heart a clear moment
Then you are not awake to the aesthetic beauty
That togetherness bring in our daily living:
The monotony may have taken you over – fore-ever?

THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW

In meeting a soul that is torn, the twist rebounds and renews,
Seeing oneself in another separates us from the mire
And together in a moments spark a rebirth in the fire.

In focussing on the agony that life portrays for us,
The world that glows around us feels a fraud that 'they' will see,
How can some one so damaged be as glorious as me.

The pain experienced is always there, it never goes away,
It is the thing that makes us, the thing that makes us whole.
But with the pain comes a mystery that will one day fall.

In recognising the halves that make the idiot in me
I must value the contributions in the making of our plan
And accept the ones who hurt me, and thank them to a man.

THE MANY HEARTED MAN

The many hearted man walked amongst us:

Gathering our trust;
Engaging our spirit
Capturing our heart.

Never was he boastful.
Never was he arrogant.
Never was he hurtful.

A quiet dignity bore him along

Without him I would not be me.
Without him I could not see.
Without him I would not be free.

He gathered my heart
He engaged my spirit
He captured my heart
The many hearted man walked amongst us.

THE POLLUTION OF LANGUAGE

Spurting from the industrial chimneys of today
Is a rich and pungent flurry of language
Which mystifies the world of work
In hideous and noxious clouds of words.
Verbiage filled with vacuous meaning
Hangs lifelessly, supporting a hidden existence.
Behind the words, I am told, people exist!!

In standing by my faltering words and voice,
Oblivious to the resounding call of the looms,
I tasted the intoxicating sedative of freedom
And believed that I too was free from the pollutant.
To live amongst the hidden infiltrators
In the faint hope of being free of disease was folly.
Amongst the words, I am told, is freedom!!

Breaking through the barriers of my existence
I become fluent in my separation:
As the distance emerged I emerged, at a cost,
Indentured to my loom of words
The passing of time was marked by relentlessness,
Instantly recognised and soothing familiarity.
Within the words, I was told, I exist!!

In choosing the sedative world of work,
With the need for regularity,
I have chosen to live with the disease of words.
Fully conversant now with the necessary evil
A playfulness of freedom emerges again
In recognition of the arrangement I make.
Between our words, I tell you, we do exist!!

The form our conversations take tell us about
A need we have for the comfort of knowing.
In the dangers that surround us
The dance of our conversations takes shape.
Never alone, the shape of who we are comes
In our togetherness and struggle.
Our words are how we exist.

WALKING AWAY

Hold on tight to the memories,
Formed in the furnace of new experience,
Let them inspire and shape you.

Forged together in our past
Each caring words of trouble
Each troubled words of care
Uttered by friends and foe
Shape the way we go on together.

In freely allowing you into my life,
With all my foibles and ecstasies seen,
We have together shaped beauty and truth.

Forged together in our past and present
Each hidden strength has grown
Each growing strength less hidden
As we have struggled together
To shape the difference we make.

Hold onto the whole of yourself,
Amongst the eddying ripples of others,
Shape, re-shape and be shaped.

Forged together in the present
Each haunting moment of beauty
Each truthful moment of care
Touches us all, should we let it,
And crafts together our life.

Walking away is all of life,
Where newness and history part,
Held together with memories.

Forged together for ever
Each leaving moment hurts
Each hurt moment is short:
Selfhood begins with a walking away
And love is proved in the letting go.

FEELING FREE: CHOOSING OUR LIVES, YOU & I

We choose our lives, you and I,
Emerging as from the unknown.

Yet functioning in our special world

Requires a movement fully towards something

Which, emerging from all the past patterns,

Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

Choosing our patterns, you and I,
Requires a trust in a movement true.

Yet continuing within our special world

Requires belief in a selfhood shaped by something

Which, emerging from all the patterns of others

Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

I love our choices, you and I,
Present in the shape our working takes.

Yet making known and unknown free in our special world

Requires the patience to be shaped by something.

Which, emerging from all that has ever been

Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

YOU MAKE ME

Without you I am small,
Imperfect in form and function;
I'm defined in desire
You make me who I am.

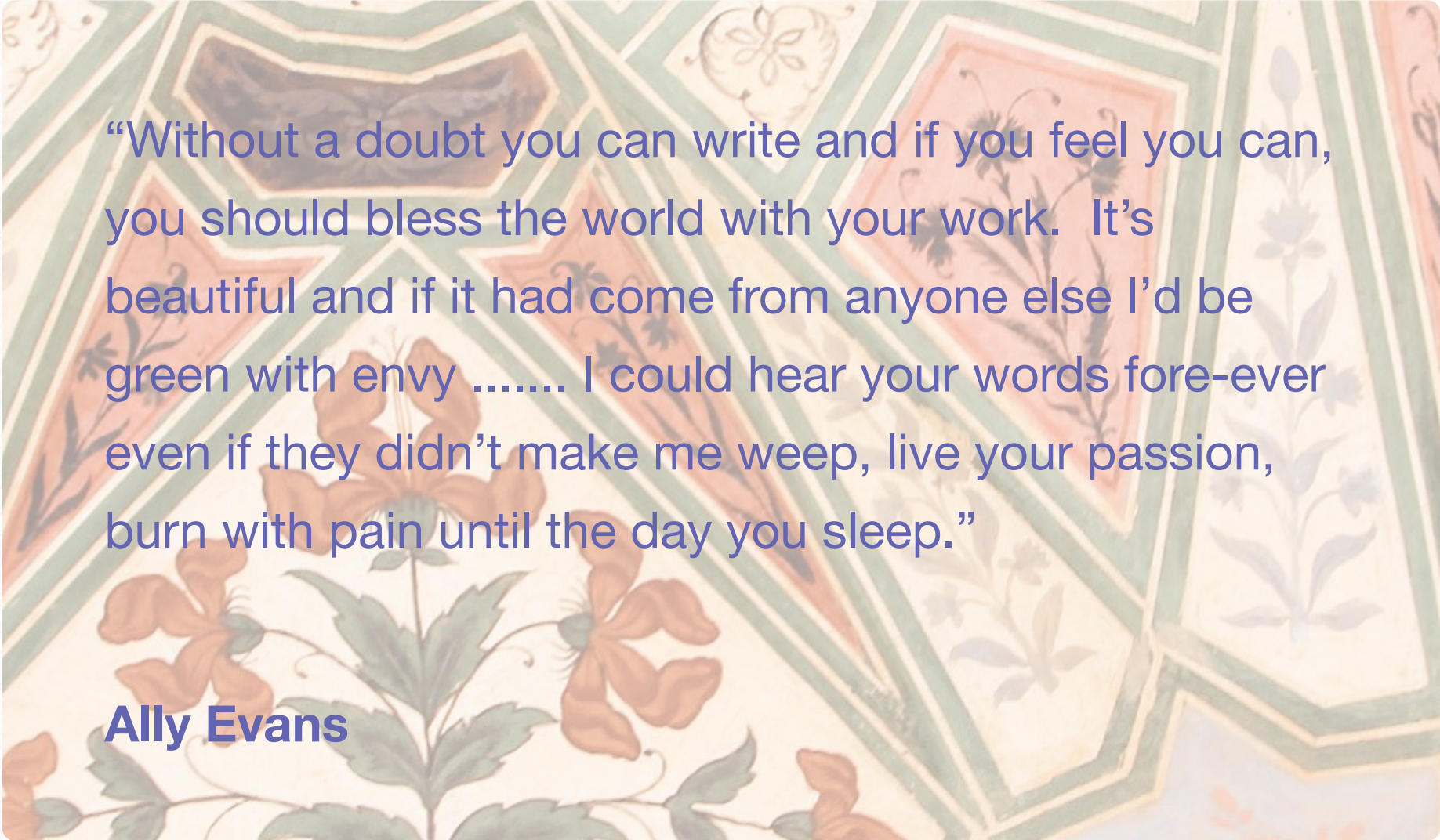
To suffer in compulsion
Without an end in you
Is to make nothing.
To create, you are who I am.

You have given me all
That makes a man of me.
Together we are whole;
You give meaning to who I am.

Quotes

“Brilliant, excellent. May Business continue to nourish poetry.”

Theodore Zeldin



“Without a doubt you can write and if you feel you can, you should bless the world with your work. It’s beautiful and if it had come from anyone else I’d be green with envy I could hear your words fore-ever even if they didn’t make me weep, live your passion, burn with pain until the day you sleep.”

Ally Evans

“You capture the essence of what makes life wonderful even on a day by day basis what appears monotony is actually an opportunity to grow, interact with colleagues and friends and enjoy oneself.” **Peter Honig.**

“Thank you for the beautiful poem you sent. I’m not afraid to say that the tears were streaming down my face as I read it.”
Jill Rodgers

“I really enjoyed reading these - the first one gave me watery eyes and following our conversation at lunch the other day the second made complete sense.”

Hazel Weir

“You really are a brilliant poet! Our conversation in the moment at a single sharp point has inspired me to have the patience to believe.” **Emma Luke**

POETRY FOR BUSINESS: FIRED BY PASSION

“All movements, except directly revolutionary ones, are headed, not by those who originate them, but by those who know best how to compromise between old opinions and new.”

J.S. Mill (1971) *Mill on Bentham and Coleridge*. Chatto & Windus: London (Page 42)

SELF-KNOWLEDGE

“How can a truth, new to us, be made our own without examination and self-questioning - any new truth, I mean, that relates to the properties of the mind, and it’s various faculties and affections? But whatever demands effort, requires time. Ignorance seldom *vaults* into knowledge, but passes into it through an intermediate state of obscurity, even as night into day through twilight. All speculative truths begin with a postulate, even the truths of geometry. They all suppose an act of the will; for in the moral being lies the source of the intellectual. The first step to knowledge, or rather the previous condition of all insight into truth, is to dare to commune with our very and permanent self.”

S.T. Coleridge (1997) *Spiritual Writings*. Fount Paperbacks: London (Page 80)

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772 - 1834)

POETRY FOR BUSINESS: FIRED BY PASSION

**THE PRISONER - THE SIMPLICITY OF BUSINESS
FINDING A VOICE: LIFE THROUGH THE MUSING
OF THE SCIENTIST POET**

Part 2

By

DAVID SCANLON

THE FOOLISH POET PRESS

VOLUME 2 : THE PRISONER

DEDICATION	<u>34</u>
TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE: ORDINARY DRAMA	<u>35</u>
STYLES OF PRESENCE	<u>36</u>
<u>THE PRISONER</u>	
THINK SIMPLE	<u>38</u>
MISSING TOGETHER	<u>39</u>
SIMPLE WORDS	<u>41</u>
GENTLENESS BEYOND THE BIRTH OF MANKIND	<u>42</u>
OH! TO FIND THE WORDS	<u>43</u>
अधिकार - Mahadevi Varma	<u>44</u>
RIGHTS (अधिकार) - Translation David Scanlon	<u>45</u>
SPEAK OF TIMES OF JOY	<u>46</u>
PERFECTION	<u>47</u>
KNOWLEDGE OF POWER	<u>48</u>
LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP	<u>49</u>
STAYING IN LANES	<u>50</u>
TEARS FORGOTTEN: FEARS FORGIVEN	<u>51</u>
A MASK LESS HIDDEN FOR FRIENDS	<u>52</u>
IN THE MOMENT	<u>53</u>
CARE SUSTAINS	<u>54</u>
MOVING FORWARD TOGETHER	<u>55</u>
FAR FROM THEIR REACH	<u>56</u>
FOR FRIENDSHIP	<u>57</u>
WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?	<u>58</u>
LIFE BEYOND THE BEAST	<u>59</u>
HEALING LOVE	<u>60</u>
WHY I WRITE	<u>61</u>

**FOR CHRIS SCANLON,
ADRIAN SCANLON, BERENICE SCANLON,
& DENNIS SCANLON**

**THE ONES WHO SHAPED MY SANITY AND
ALMOST KEPT ME SENSIBLE**

**CERTAIN IT IS THAT IN THE ORDINARY DRAMA THE
INDISPENSABLE DIALOGUE BY NO MEANS CORRESPONDS TO
REALITYONE MAY EVEN AFFIRM THAT THE POEM DRAWS
THE NEARER TO BEAUTY AND LOFTIER TRUTH IN THE
MEASURE THAT IT ELIMINATES WORDS THAT MERELY
EXPLAIN THE ACTION AND REPLACES THEM BY OTHERS THAT
REVEAL NOT THE SO-CALLED “SOUL-STATE,” BUT I KNOW
NOT WHAT INTANGIBLE AND UNCEASING STRIVING OF THE
SOUL TOWARDS ITS BEAUTY AND TRUTH.**

**THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE (1903) - MAURICE MAETERLINCK
PAGE XV - XVI**

STYLES OF PRESENCE: THE ENCOURAGING PRESENCE HELPS YOU AWAKEN YOUR GIFT

THERE ARE PEOPLE WHOSE PRESENCE IS ENCOURAGING. ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIFTS IN THE WORLD IS THE GIFT OF ENCOURAGEMENT. WHEN SOMEONE ENCOURAGES YOU, THEY HELP YOU OVER THE THRESHOLD YOU MIGHT OTHERWISE NEVER HAVE CROSSED ON YOUR OWN. THERE ARE TIMES OF GREAT UNCERTAINTY IN EVERY LIFE. LEFT ALONE AT SUCH TIME, YOU FEEL DISHEVELMENT AND CONFUSION LIKE A GRAVITY. WHEN A FRIEND COMES WITH WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT, LIGHTNESS VISITS YOU AND YOU BEGIN TO FIND THE STAIRS AND THE DOOR OUT OF THE DARK. THE SENSE OF ENCOURAGEMENT YOU FEEL FROM THEM IS NOT SIMPLY THEIR WORDS OR GESTURES; IT IS RATHER THEIR WHOLE PRESENCE ENFOLDING YOU AND HELPING YOU FIND THE CONCEALED DOOR. THE ENCOURAGING PRESENCE MANAGES TO UNDERSTAND YOU AND PUT ITSELF IN YOUR SHOES. THERE IS NO JUDGEMENT BUT WORDS OF RELIEF AND RELEASE.

ENCOURAGEMENT ALSO HELPS YOU TO ENGAGE AND TRUST YOUR OWN POSSIBILITY AND POTENTIAL. SOMETIMES YOU ARE ABLE TO SEE THE SPECIAL GIFT THAT YOU BRING TO THE WORLD. NO GIFT IS EVER GIVEN FOR YOUR PRIVATE USE. TO FOLLOW YOUR GIFT IS A CALLING TO A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE OF DISCOVERY. SOME OF THE DEEPEST LONGING IN YOU IS THE VOICE OF YOUR GIFT. THE GIFT CALLS YOU TO EMBRACE IT , NOT TO BEFRIEND IT. THE ONLY WAY TO HONOUR THE UNMERITED PRESENCE OF THE GIFT IN YOUR LIFE IS TO ATTEND TO THE GIFT; THIS IS ALSO A MOST DIFFICULT PATH TO WALK. EACH GIFT IS DIFFERENT; THERE IS NO PLAN OR PROGRAMME YOU CAN GET READY-MADE FROM SOMEONE ELSE. THE GIFT ALONE KNOWS WHERE ITS PATH LEADS. IT CALLS YOU TO COURAGE AND HUMILITY. IF YOU HEAR ITS VOICE IN YOUR HEART, YOU SIMPLY HAVE TO FOLLOW IT. OTHERWISE YOUR LIFE COULD BE DRAGGED INTO THE VALLEY OF DISAPPOINTMENT. PEOPLE WHO TRULY FOLLOW THEIR GIFT FIND THAT IT CAN OFTEN STRIP THEIR LIVES AND YET INVEST THEM IN A SENSE OF ENRICHMENT AND FULFILMENT THAT NOTHING ELSE COULD BRING. THOSE WHO RENEGE ON OR REPRESS THEIR GIFT ARE UNWITTINGLY SOWING THE SEEDS OF REGRET.

ETERNAL ECHOES (2000) JOHN O'DONOHUE (1956-2008)

(PAGE 63)

“Of Goethe perhaps it is truer to say that he dabbled in both philosophy and poetry and made no great success of either; his true role was that of the man of the world a sage - a La Rochefoucauld, a La Bruyère, a Vauvenargues.”

THE PRISONER

T.S. Eliot (1953) The use of poetry and the use of criticism. Faber and Faber Ltd : London. (page 99)



David Scanlon: Lives in Cheshire with his family and friends. He proudly works for ArisGlobal, previously for AstraZeneca, and has devoted his working life to discovering and delivering medicines to

patients in need of new treatments. In his day-to-day activities he finds inspiration to write poetry. This second phase was written with all my business friends who created the many poetic moments.

THINK SIMPLE

Simple words of kindness
Provide a reassurance to try;
Harsh words of challenge
Provide that reason to cry.

Simple words of challenge
Ensure that we stay humane;
Harsh words of kindness
Ensure the passion to remain.

MISSING TOGETHER

Today I listened to your voice
But heard beyond the words.
Seeing beyond the words
Moves towards a perceived fantasy
Made of the emotional essence
That creates the poetic observations.
Intuitive understanding is poetic,
Beyond the realms of rational ideology.
Air knowledge of earths wisdom
Gathered over time refines a being:
Not to shape a supernatural human
But the essence of true humility.
Not being able to understand
Yet to see and to feel 'it' as a thing -
As clear as the flowers of the garden,
Fresh and alive, named in latin,
Sourced in the actual light-space -
Requires poetic words of meaning.

The outsider wanting to be inside
Also sees the ways of self and other
Through the inner turmoil, resolved,
Ever moving towards unknown ends;
Perennial inability to satisfy with words
Yet constantly seeking understanding.
The insider not wanting to be outside -
Afraid of the cloudiness of rejection,
worried about the world beyond self -
Is manufactured to bury the unknown,
To allow functioning in the simple world,
In which the majority live becalmed.
Attempting to stay human and humane
Within the outside and inside of seeing,
Among those who choose to hide and play,
Whilst constantly trying to describe the world
Is the lot of the inside outside poet
Who lives in the world of normality.

SIMPLE WORDS

The simplest words ache with meaning
Awaiting their full release in a listening ear.
Delving deeper into the heart of meaning making
Holds the possibility of emerging wiser.
Never hold back from the easy words
That draw together communities eager to relate.
Leave the hardened words for technocrats
Who need the precision and beauty
Which only comes from purest wisdom,
The insight from which science grows.

GENTLENESS BEYOND THE BIRTH OF MANKIND

Let the gentleness of us celebrate the joy of time.
Never far from the human care is the other,
The beast who has a name but cannot be named.
He lives among us constantly shaping our words.
Listen to the one for too long and we become lost;
Hopelessly swaying and whistling to his wind
The movement of the dark has full control.

Wickedness beyond the birth of mankind holds us.
Within our Mother Earth lies the kindness we seek,
Never far from our time bound world she waits to speak.
What holds back the charm and vulnerability
Which shows that true essence of humanities grace.
Let her voice hold forth and take us along our journey:
The destination we crave is awaiting our arrival.

Leave the wickedness to those who need it to live.
Why should he dominate her voice, the hard one.
Let the world see the she-he working together.
Finding the spoken words to calm the noisy one
Is one way but leaves space for another truth;
She is the driving force behind the he-devil
Who makes sense in the world of dominant others.

OH! TO FIND THE WORDS

Oh! To find the words
That speak to others of our otherness
And transcend the grim voice.

Oh! To find the words
That could wrap you in the infinite love
And materialise my heart.

Oh! To find the words
That gather at the edge of our existence
And tear at my soul.

Oh! To find the words
That can share with you my pain
And heal our separation.

Oh! To find those words
And share them in the triumph
Of souls intertwined forever.

अधिकार - Neehar (नीहार) (1930) - Mahadevi Varma

वे मुस्काते फूल, नहीं
जिनको आता है मुझांना,
वे तारों के दीप, नहीं
जिनको भाता है बुझ जाना।

वे नीलम के मेघ, नहीं
जिनको है घुल जाने की चाह,
वह अनन्त रितुराज, नहीं
जिसने देखी जाने की राह।

वे सूने से नयन, नहीं
जिनमें बनते आँसू मोती,
वह प्राणों की सेज, नहीं
जिसमें बेसुध पीड़ा सोती।

ऐसा तेरा लोक, वेदना; नहीं,
नहीं जिसमें अवसाद,
जलना जाना नहीं,
नहीं जिसने जाना मिटने का स्वाद!

क्या अमरों का लोक मिलेगा
तेरी करुणा का उपहार?
रहने दो हे देव! अरे
यह मेरा मिटने का अधिकार!

RIGHTS (अधिकार) - After Mahadevi Varda

Never does the flower smile
Come to those who wilt,
Nor does the North star
Extinguish those who shine.

Never will the amethyst cloud
Dissolve for those who need,
Nor will Rituraj eternal,
Find for us the ending.

Never did his deserted eyes,
Loose the beads of tears.
Nor in his living dreams
Let sleep hide the delirious pain.

So people, let not anguish,
Nor depression of life,
Nor the desire to live,
Disappear like the taste!

Those who follow will see you,
Your gift of compassion?
Leave me O God! Let me loose:
It's my right to find my way!

SPEAK OF TIMES OF JOY

Sitting, carefully waiting
Honed to accept place,
Beyond all needs to crave,
Within our quietude home,
A joyful thought spins
Dancing in delirious mirth.
Where will it end? It will end.
How will it land with you?

Wandering in wondrous space
Amongst the everyday things
That muster us in life
Lies the togetherness sought;
Drifting together and apart
Constantly being at one
In a making of our love,
Grown of granite, soft as fur.

Music plays of Alice
A familiar voice of longing
That has anchored time.
Our time of togetherness
Can never be replaced.
Never will it come again.
Sitting, carefully waiting
Honed we accept our love.

PERFECTION

Can you live with the imperfections
That dominate the world of man?
Or is each one the energy which drives
The incessant technology that can

Provide the illusions from desire?
What is within our imperfections
That stimulates the energy of man?
Can it be harnessed to drive our lives
To an inherent beauty which can
Provide the growth from desire?

Accepting we are the imperfections,
That provides the nurture of man,
Then we accept our lives and drives
And seek understanding which can
Provide peace from the desire.

KNOWLEDGE OF POWER

Knowledge is the instrument of the wise
Power is the instrument of those who seek it:
A good life requires a curiosity to acquire
The knowledge that is impossible to find;
A good person requires a patience to wait
For the wisdom within to inspire without;
A good leader requires a strength to withhold
The urges to glorify the self at others expense.
Knowledge is the honour of the wise
Power is an honour bestowed on a few.
Let those who seek power
Respect the honour bestowed,
Live a curious and good life
Where knowledge is truth.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Friendship moves silently,
Never in hurry to do:
Forever present within me,
Always current in you.

Humanity rushes noisily,
Always in a hurry to do:
Forever present within me,
Never present in a few.

Love plays carefully,
Never in hurry to be:
Forever present within you,
Always current in me.

STAYING IN LANES

In pursuing the dreams of our fathers
We can live in the shadow of others:
Carving out the shape of ones-self
Requires self-respect and belief.
Experiencing the movement of time
Provides a tick-tock of opportunities
That require the courage to be.
Staying in lanes is the discipline:
Knowing when to leave is the art
Of living with a spirit of the new.

TEARS FORGOTTEN: FEARS FORGIVEN

When will we move on from this?
How will a new day dawn
Beyond the boundaries of selfhood?

How can we truly sit in another's seat?
When will a new day dawn
With fears forgiven and tears forgotten?

A MASK LESS HIDDEN FOR FRIENDS

I feel today an overwhelming sense of sadness,
Deepened by an imminent departure from familiarity.
Rather than filled with a sense of hope for the new
Within is a deep grieving for that which will not be again.

Judgment of the I, who feels deeply, hurts more.
Admixing a sense of shame, for acknowledging the self,
With the morose, creates an inappropriate worthlessness:
Heavy burdening baggage to be hidden with a smile.

Lifting the weight of the innerness in the daily living
Requires a mask of desperation, a fragility with falsehood
Which can be penetrated both by the caring voice of friendship
Or the drive and oppression of the uncaring taskmaster.

Finding words and expressions to harden the shell
Carries the loneliness of the silent voices, an uncaring tone
Which risks the humanity which we all crave deeply:
A perpetual hiding for the fear of a love which may be lost.

In accepting of the fullness of self's unconscious frailty
I find the beauty and truth of the words that speak my humanity:
A going on together which allows the mask to fall for the caring friend,
And harden fully for those who see what they want to see.

IN THE MOMENT

Pleasures seldom come in ways we can predict
They caress and muddle our mind in the moment:
The release of joy is in the discovery of our togetherness.

Seldom do things that matter deeply come easily.
In the patience to stay and humility to know we belong;
The release of ideas is in the discovery of our togetherness.

With the truth of friendship we accept limitations:
Through harnessing ourselves together, for the value of others,
We release ourselves in the discovery of togetherness.

CARE SUSTAINS

In friendship we find those we trust;
With honour we find a way to survive,
With practice we learn to believe,
In time we establish our truths:
Care sustains us through it all.

MOVING FORWARD TOGETHER

Some people gather together the moment,
Holding it together clearly for others to see:
Never do they waiver from the people's heart,
Calmly reaching back to places of aesthetic peace
So that moving forward as one is paced firmly
In a way that achievement and humanity exist.

FAR FROM THEIR REACH

Foundling machines went missing for a while
As humanity emerged together in the present;
Never far from the things we name for each other
The aesthetic meaning is always between,
Far from the reach of the imposter engines.

The imagined machines of today claim truth
As humanity stumbles with the scale of speech:
The truths of our meaning making do not change
As our laughter and love echoes through time,
Far from the reach of the imposter machines.

FOR FRIENDSHIP

It is never clear what the words of our days create,
Always restless they dance around looking for meaning
That often comes at the strangest times of day:
Beyond the hurly-burly of the goings on together
There is one truth that stands out beacon like.
Towering above the everyday and the humdrum
Is a word always beyond the world of machines,
One never to be found beyond humanities gift,
Accessible to all without prejudice and favour:
Friendship is the bond that creates our world.

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?

As you have come to know your truth
There might be times, when filled with doubt,
That the struggle did not generate the proof:
But rather, more a thought, ' What is all this about?"

Growing through the painful, stirring, moments -
That come a haunting when filled with doubt -
The passing truth is generated, in elements,
That sustain a thought, 'I trust what I am about?"

LIFE BEYOND THE BEAST

I cannot move for all my pain
Which reminds me of my tumours reign;
Upon my body I have no control
The beast within has taken hold.
The briefest hope that it has gone
Let's me think that I have won.
So I will take your given drug
And dream of my grandchild's hug.

HEALING LOVE

I speak of love, found in you
That day amongst the orchard blossom.
Never was the smell of spring so clear
As that day which draw together our fate.
They said that love is togetherness separated,
Never truer than in our briefest of touches.
Did you know of our love; the love I felt then.

The world was broken when our first words joined.
Echoing resonances trumpeted in my ears:
Your touch and voice and penetrating stare
Reached inside and caressed my soul.

The half remembered moments of our togetherness
Still live deep in the present: alive
With the fears that belonging requires.

Twenty years have passed since that first day
Family, work and daily living have aged me now:
The day never passes without our fruitful memory returning.

I speak of love, found in you,
That day amongst the orchard blossom:
In the days which followed
Did my love hold and caress your torment.
They said that love is healed separation.
My overflowing heart assures me
That the apple blossom eased your passing.

“Inspiring You are in the ‘wrong’ business :)”

Why I write

Suzanne Tracy

“Tears welled into my eyes as I read this – triggered by both your thoughtfulness in writing it and the content..... Tears well up all the time (less frequent as the days pass).

Each day shopping in Sainsbury every aisle triggers tears as I see apples, pears, grapes, kids cartons of fruit juice, ice cream, after eight mints and other things that I have found brought comfort to mother. There is a hole left as the routines that became established over the months have now disappeared.....

... Words are meaningful to you as a poet and mother wrote poetry in her youth. Some of her words stick in my mind – her response to my asking “are you hungry” was “I am hungry for your wordsyour words nourish me.”

..... many lines of your poem capture the positive essence of remembrance – I have a quiet satisfaction about the past seven months.Thank you for your thoughts. Your poem stimulated me to reply and writing things down like this helps me to work my way through the grieving process. So double thank you!”

Mellor Hennessy

“I am so touched by your lovely poem. I am not very good at writing but would really like to say that you have been the most inspiring person I ever got a chance to work with.” **Ritika Jain.**

“Not that I was in any doubt about you being Bonkers, but this proves beyond reasonable doubt. I will of course be purchasing a copy to further assess the evidence.” **Michael Start**

“Every word of your poems that I read. It reminds me, over and over again, about the depth and breadth of this “other side of you”, that I was not aware of at all.”

Jan Hase

“you are creating poems which rather than just escaping from your work environment, step back and look into it and make it central to the art you create.”

Steve Scrace

POETRY FOR BUSINESS: CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS

*“The term “social exclusion”
applies not only to the poor,
but to all whose mind-set is
confined to a single
profession”*

*T. Zeldin (1998) Conversation: How
talk can change your life. The Harvill
Press: London (Page 60)*

PRAGMATISM

“James declared in effect that any idea may be held to be true if it works, that is, if it helps man to live wisely and happily.....although this pragmatic view may do no harm when it is held by a man with the integrity and generous altruism of a William James, it is capable of doing much mischief among men who care nothing for truth and the facts, but merely want to justify any line of action they would like to take. If an idea can be assumed to be true just because it enables us to do what we want to do, we have soon left philosophy behind and are in the world of lying propaganda”

J.B. Priestley (1960) Literature & Western Man.

Heinemann: London. (Pages 307-8)

DREAMERS

“All men dream: but not equally. Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their mind wake in the day to find that it was vanity: but the dreamers of the day are dangerous men, for they may act their dreams with open eyes, to make it possible.”

T.E. Lawrence (1935) Seven Pillars of Wisdom.

Jonathan Cape: London. (Page 23)

**POETRY FOR BUSINESS:
CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS**

**THE PRISONER WANDERING DEEPER - THE
CONVERSATIONS OF BUSINESS FINDING A
VOICE: LIFE THROUGH THE MUSING OF THE
SCIENTIST POET**

Part 3

By

DAVID SCANLON

THE FOOLISH POET PRESS

VOLUME 3 : THE PRISONER WANDERING DEEPER

DEDICATION	68
CONVERSATION - <u>Louis MacNeice</u>	69
CONVERSATIONS IN POETRY	70
 <u><i>RERUM NOVARUM CUPIDUM (Remain unbiased and curious)</i></u>	
ABSENCE IN BODY: PRESENCE IN MIND	73
LIFE IN THE ACT OF CREATION	74
PREPARED FOR THE UNKNOWN	75
FINDING CARE	76
A WISE AND RETIRING MAN	77
MISTAKES AND ERRORS	78
WAKING UP TOGETHER	79
OF LIFE AND LOVES	80
WITH FRIENDS LIKE YOU	81
NO LONGER A MADMAN	82
SOMETIMES WE STRUGGLE TO FIND OURSELVES	83
LIFE BEYOND MADNESS	84
THE EXAMINATION	85
OUTSTANDING SELF-DELUSION	86
VIRAL IMAGES	87
WONDERMENT AND FEAR	88
DARK OVER HANGING CLOUDS	89
GROWING PAINS	90
BELOVED SUNNY	92
THANK YOU	93
A SMILE	94
INK - Alyson Caroline Evans	95
WHY I WRITE	96

VOLUME 3 : THE PRISONER WANDERING DEEPER

MUTATIS MUTANDIS (the necessary changes having been made)

A YEARNING PHILOSOPHER TO HIS SMILING POET	98
CONFUSION AND LIGHT	99
A PLEA FOR THE WORLD	100
THE CAGED ANIMAL	101
FLEETING SLIVERS OF SILENCE	102
TOWARDS A WORLD WHERE ALL KNOW	103
A FRIENDSHIP GARDEN	104
A COMMON FLAME	105
LASTING CONVERSATIONS	106
FATHERHOOD	107
WHAT DOES IT NEED TO MAKE A CHANGE?	108
A PLACE IN MY HEART	110
RELIVING THE CHILDHOOD DREAM	111
RISKING IT ALL	112
AWAKENING	113
LOVE	114
HATE	115
WE NEVER KNOW	116
TO MOURN	117
STAY WITH ME	118
IN THE SOLITUDE OF WRITING	119
A FOOLISH POET	120
WHY I WRITE	121

LACRIMAE RERUM (Tears of things)

LACRIMAE RERUM (Tears of things)	123
TENDER IS THE VOICE WITHIN	124
WAKING UP A CREATIVE LIGHT	125
REQUESTS	127
FIND OUR MUSE	128
TRUTH AT PLAY	129
UNDERSTANDING LEARNING	130
WORRY TIME	131
CHE FECE IL GRAN RIFIUTO	132
FREEDOM IN LOVE	133
PRAISE FOR HER JOY, LOVE THEM ALL	134
THE VOICE WITHIN	136
THE TRUE HEALER	137
BARBADOS FLOWERS	138
STEPS THROUGH JOY	139
DISCOVER THE PLACE	141
CONNEMARA COUNTING	142
PRINCESS TO KING	143
POETIC SCIENCE	144
ANOTHER JOURNEY BEGINS	145
A CHRISTMAS WISH	146
TRUTH IS YOURS TO JUDGE	147
WHY I WRITE	148

VOLUME 3 : THE PRISONER WANDERING DEEPER

SUB SPECIE AETERNITATIS (what is universally and eternally true)

DO YOU BEAT YOURSELF TOO?	150
TIME AND ACTION	151
PRANAM	152
DEFINE FOR ME THE MOMENT	153
WHAT IS AN IDEA?	154
OH TIMELESS CLOUDS	155
THANK YOU FOR MY VOICE	156
ETERNAL OPTIMIST	157
REACHING BEYOND	159
COURAGEOUS DREAMS	160
CHOICE AND CHANGE	161
FINDING HER VOICE	162
EACH WAY I TURN	163
TREAT US ALL WITH KID GLOVES	164
FACING UP	165
STUCK-NESS AND MOVEMENT	166
BUBBLES BURST	168
BURN BRIGHT	169
THE VOICE OF INNOCENCE SPEAKS	170
WHY?	171
IF	172
FREE AT LAST	174
WHY I WRITE	175

**WRITTEN WITH AND FOR ALL MY FRIENDS
AND FOES THAT HAVE MADE WORK SUCH
A PLEASURE IN THE MANY
CONVERSATIONS**

**FRIENDSHIP AND LEARNING IN THE
PURSUIT OF NEW MEDICINES WILL
ALWAYS BE CHALLENGING BUT
ULTIMATELY REWARDING
(MOST OF THE TIME!!!)**

**FOR THE ONES WHO SHAPED MY SANITY
AND ALMOST KEPT ME SENSIBLE A BIG
THANK YOU**

**A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO CHRIS
SCANLON, PETE BROAD, ANGELA HYDE,
DOUG GRIFFIN, RALPH STACEY, THEODORE
ZELDIN, GAVIN SIMPSON, JAI PRAKESH
MAHICH, AND JOHN RAMSEY FOR
PROVIDING A LITTLE PROD IN THE RIGHT
DIRECTION.**

CONVERSATION

ORDINARY PEOPLE ARE PECULIAR TOO:
WATCH THE VAGRANT IN THEIR EYES
WHO SNEAKS AWAY WHILE THEY ARE TALKING WITH YOU
INTO SOME BLACK WOOD BEHIND THE SKULL,
FOLLOWING UN-, OR OTHER, REALITIES,
FISHING FOR SHADOWS IN A POOL.

BUT SOMETIMES THE VAGRANT COMES THE OTHER WAY
OUT OF THEIR EYES AND INTO YOURS
HAVING MISTAKEN YOU PERHAPS FOR YESTERDAY
OR FOR TOMORROW NIGHT, A WOOD IN WHICH
HE MAY PICK UP AMONG THE PINE-NEEDLES AND BURRS
THE LOST PURSE, THE DROPPED STITCH.

VAGRANCY HOWEVER IS FORBIDDEN; ORDINARY MEN
SOON COME BACK TO NORMAL, LOOK YOU STRAIGHT
IN THE EYES AS IF TO SAY 'IT WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN',
PUT UP A BARRAGE OF COMMON SENSE TO BAULK
INTIMACY BUT BY MISTAKE INTERPOLATE
SWEAR-WORDS LIKE ROSES IN THEIR TALK.

LOUIS MACNEICE (1907 - 1963)

THE FABER BOOK OF MODERN VERSE (1965) - EDITED BY
MICHAEL ROBERTS. FABER & FABER: LONDON

CONVERSATIONS IN POETRY

In writing this collection of poems I aimed to pull together the ongoing conversations of my daily work, my daily going-on with love and loss, and the continual struggle of being a poet: the continuing conversations. These conversations include my personal conversations with the writing of others I call friends (poets, philosophers, divine spirits and writers), who have thought before about the way towards a happy life and written inspiring words.

As a poet I am bewildered by what flows from within me, at the same time shocked and delighted by the outcome, which is shaped in conversations. In the everyday conversations our special meaning making has the added outcomes in business and science, where the meaning is often in what lies in the future, beyond us (Strategy, hypothesis, new medicines, health outcomes). In the constant work focus on 'Continual Improvement' and 'Change' the most important moments appear to pass unnoticed. Once my muse found her words for these moments a new philosophy appeared.

Articulated best in the words of [George Herbert Mead *Philosophy of the Present* \(1932\)](#) it became self evident that we are a network of conversations, with all the excitement and challenges that entails: we change each other one conversation at a time ([Conversation \(1989\) T. Zeldin](#)). Conversation is our unit of emotional hereditary. In these conversations there is me and you, the two particle problem of physics (or me and we, the three or more particle problem of physics), and the in-between. In the in-between meaning is made, which is constantly moving in our pairing and grouping. The "in-between" is where the muse lives: a poets aim is to take the particular moment and let the muse find her words to bring it to a new life. In sharing the poem a new conversation begins as the particular may become universal - as it carries it's own meaning for others, beyond the particular.

The poet, somehow, finds a truth in the creative act: it is their only concern. The life beyond the particular, is not in the poets mind. The joy of the creation, the private thoughts and shared meanings with friends, is in the past once it has a life beyond the initial writing; those pages are closed once the new readers experience the words, a new conversation and a possibility of a 'universal' meaning. See "[The Three Voices of Poetry](#)" (1953) [T.S. Eliot](#).

As the audience of this book are business people who may not read poetry, the haters of poetry as it has limited monetary value (Baum in the *The Big Short* “*Truth is like poetry. And everyone fucking hates poetry.*”), and the poems may not be read by those that should read them (“... *most of them would be unlikely to understand or to know how to apply. Such books do not influence the contemporary conduct of affairs: for the men and women already engaged in their career and committed to the jargon of the market place, they always come too late*” ([T.S. Eliot](#) (1952) Preface - [The Need For Roots](#) (1971) by [Simone Weil](#). [Harper & Row: New York](#)) but that is life, which is OK.

To bring in my other ‘friends’ I have used their voices in ‘tweet’ length quotes, in a hope they may also be heard. These quotes I have chosen from many sources to add richness to the content and provide, in addition to the poems themselves, some words on which to reflect within the themes. These writers I call friends, as I have found in their writing ‘soul mates’ struggling with the same challenges I experience in my ongoing daily joys and struggles. In their words I find echoes of my own words and ideas and therefore they give me the courage to continue to write.

With the inspiration of friends I have never met and the everyday kindness and pain of friends who inspire poetry I write. I have shared my poems with those who co-created the poetic moments as I see poems as ours - a “Collective Consciousness” ([C.G Jung](#)) divined by “The Muse” in the poet. Many who were involved in the particular moments of inspiration, and many others who have found their own meaning, have kindly shared what the poems meant for them. I have also included some of their quotes too. For, in addition to the freedom writing provides friendship is why I write.

The final reason I write is because I am a poet, who lets the muse uncover her truth. I was a scientist for many years, seeking that form of truth, but realised it does not answer many of the more important questions of life. In combining my rational daily work with the poetic muse I have experienced a new awakening; a discovery that I do not seek anything other than to be present and observant. ‘Being’ has helped me with another obsession, delivering outcomes in science and business that make a difference. Balancing the poetic and scientific obsessions created a new joy in life.

David Scanlon January 2018

THE PRISONER

RERUM NOVARUM CUPIDUM (Remain unbiased and curious)

*“A quote writing about the poet’s journey of discovery, which ends-up back at the start, in the loving relationships often missed at the time.” Permissions not granted for use of quote.
Available ([Link](#))*

A. Camus (1970) [Selected Essays and Notebooks](#), Edited and translated by P. Thody. Peregrine Book: Middlesex. (page 26 - Line 33-34)

“...poets.. succeed by never saying too much, by allowing the reader to supply half the effect and making him return in the confidence that each reading of a poem will always find something new in it.”

C.M. Bowra (1947) [A Book of Russian Verse](#). Macmillan & Co. Ltd: London. (page Type to enter text)

“Scientific method is not an agent foreign to the mind, that may be called in and dismayed at will. It is an integral part of human intelligence, and when it has once been set to work it can only be dismissed by dismissing the intelligence itself.”

G. H. Mead (1923) [Scientific method and the moral sciences](#). International Journal of Volume 33, Issue 3 (1923): 229-247

“Perception from the foolish feelings of present pleasures and vain ignorance of absent pleasures causes inconsistencies. For man there is an issue as he cannot find other ways of fulfilling his greed without doing harm to others. Job and Solomon have best known and spoken of the misery of man, the happiest and the most unhappy. One knows the vanity of pleasure by experience, the other the reality of evils.”

B. Pascal (1669) [Pensées sur la religion et sur quelques autres sujets](#) Misère 22, III. MISÈRE 74-454 Injustice, [Misère](#) 23,403-174 Misère. (Translation by D.J,Scanlon (2018))

David Scanlon: Lives in Cheshire with his family and friends. He proudly works for ArisGlobal. After devoting his working life to discovering and delivering medicines to patients in need of new treatments with AstraZeneca he is now focussed on technologies that can help focus more

money on discovering (science) and delivering medicines (medicine and pharmacy) to patients. In his day-to-day activities he finds inspiration to write poetry. This third phase is written for all business friends who have created the many poetic moments.

ABSENCE IN BODY: PRESENCE IN MIND

Absence in body, presence in mind,
Allows us to be human for all time;
Spending time being with another,
Whilst they are not wholly present,
Is the human condition that lives on.
Beyond time and space ever present
The bringing into thought of another,
In the moment of reflection and love,
Holds us beyond an existent realm.

Making time for the timelessness
Holds a soothing and peacefulness
Reached for by many in their fever-ness.

You asked me once how I have time?
A simple question honestly asked,
Had my essence alighted in wonder.
Time present, time past and time future
All exist in the moment, if you seek it.
Finding that place where time halts,
Where Peace and disquiet co-exist in strife,
Allows a space where self is found,
Clearly visible through others absence.

LIFE IN THE ACT OF CREATION

What flows across our sentient presence
Is our humanity, dancing in the words
Which are brought to life in many forms.
The choosing of our words lies in our dark matter;
A sub-conscious livingness finding the known.
In creating together our words of meaning
The world we choose to create appears,
Worlds which are brought to life in many forms.

Our inherent-ness, an ability to build form,
Requires a past shaping of words which union
With the present and begin to shape understanding.
Bringing together the past to the present mystifies;
Holding onto what is unknown allows creation.
Our humanity is too fragile for perfection:
Always wandering towards the newness
The raw horror we create becomes hidden.

Understanding frailties and our joy-filling being
Requires a presence within and without words:
A beyond-ness brought to life in glorious forms.
The choosing of our words lies in a willingness to live;
A conscious livingness finding the unknown.
Dancing between the known and unknown,
Always wondering about our human frailties,
Leads to all the ways of living a good life.

PREPARED FOR THE UNKNOWN

What defines the moments in life,
The points beyond the tedious,
Which fix and hold without knowing?

Holding on whilst letting go
Supports our movement forward
Anchors us in the memories that shape,
Makes the present alive with love.

What defines the moments in life
Are the friendships and joys shared
Which shaped our goings on together.

Always present in our words and deeds
Are the special ones who care more:
Their words and being have wrapped us,
Prepared us for the unknown adventures.

FINDING CARE

There are some people who create a loving care,
Yet some conversations can just slip away,
Escaping the intended joining, ghost like,
Moving forever to a darker place beyond -
Both feel the parting: the longing for return hides.

As we parted that day I felt your anger,
Mystified and wondering who I had become.
In that moment my sanity escaped, drifting emerged.
Reveries appeared about the words and passion
Fantasies shaped in none-love: descending to dark.

Time heals but love can in moments be lost:
With the darkness descending, holding on to hope lasts -
In the careful dissection, taken from measured space,
Other conversations beyond the love and care appear:
Insight! The world reappears healed: Care returns.

A WISE AND RETIRING MAN

To us, he was a mountain:
A grand and stirring spectacle.
Always resilient to the changing weather
He captured our heart with kindness.

To us, he was a enigma:
Able to hold onto the mighty
By the application of a rare gift:
He captured their minds with wisdom.

To me, he was a rock
On which, in my turmoil, I crashed.
Always stable, wise and kind
He captured me forever.

MISTAKES AND ERRORS

Mistakes and errors are the pleasures of humanity:
Purity of heart is to will one thing, beyond life's disguises.
Perfection is beyond human existence,
Yet many believe it a worldly ambition
Pursued with anxieties crushing weight.
Purity of heart is to will one thing, within ourselves:
Mistakes and errors are humanities gift to the world.

WAKING UP TOGETHER

Waking up together in the turbulence
Forms bonds that are never broken;
Time and space hold different meanings.
Anchored in our unfolding sisterhood,
Nurtured by our familial bonds of care,
Lies the true meaning of working life:
Passion shared in the making of a new world
Shaped in a human unification called friendship.

OF LIFE AND LOVES

Un-limit your self beyond imaginations gait:
The truth is to be found within and without.

Grasp beyond the immediacy of living-ness:
Humanity will emerge both selfless and selfish.

Touch everyone with your seeking heart:
Understanding will come from friends and foes.

Stay anxious in the ongoing daily struggle:
Mysteries unfold with pleasure in our pain and joy.

WITH FRIENDS LIKE YOU

With friends like you I hold on tight
In a world in which we all must fight:
And every day I wonder why
I don't just crumple up and cry!

To keep on going, remain tall
Not cry out loud "Go fuck you all!"
Requires a strength that some folks bring,
Thanks for giving me that extra spring.



NO LONGER A MADMAN

I spin and churn everyday because of you:
Never resolved, the movement continues.
Unskilled now, but more wiser and clear,
I live the anxiety of organisational habits.

Over my initial MaDman-ness I survive,
Tightly gripping on to the escaping whole:
Forever observing and being observed
I speak more clearly to others of our lot.

Hearing but sometimes not heard
I have learned to live with myself:
Finding the spark of magic in who I am
Has created the peace within the pain.

Growing up, living in the hurly-burly,
Has focused my attention to what is clear:
With your firm nurture, and echoed care,
Searching in the wrong place is now replaced.



SOMETIMES WE STRUGGLE TO FIND OURSELVES

Sometimes we struggle to find ourselves
Amongst the eddies and flow of change:
Sense does not prevail in the turmoil,
With the resulting pain flowing around us.

At times of pain and change take heed,
Stop listening to the tick of your own engine;
Stay close, rather, to those who care,
Open your ears to others careful words.

Bruises and damage can heal over time:
Moods and emotions constantly evolve;
Finding yourself in the reassurance of others
May, over time, help soothe the troubled engine.



LIFE BEYOND MADNESS

How deep can one person descend
Without the encouragement of another,
without a social engagement of care:
It would be ego descent, madness within.

In descent with another, a narrator,
The possibilities, free, become infinite.
Beyond the selfhood, a truth story emerges;
Built together, seen together - alive forever.

THE EXAMINATION

Validation of the thing we want to be is always there, should we look,
Because the thing we are, is what we will be;
To look elsewhere for oneself is to arrive empty
And yet, it seems, we stand to face them alone.

Courage or confidence is not within but is without, should we look,
In the faces and words of those that surround us;
Dare we face those demons that are raised,
Since, it seems, we stand and face them alone?

Images that disguise the life in front of us can disappear, should we look,
And new possibilities will open up in a testing conversation.
The blinkers removed give shape to difference
As, it seems, we stand and face them alone.

Immersed in the full flow of the force of life, should we look,
We find ourselves emerging in another.
So hold onto oneself in the torrent
When, it seems, you stand and face them alone.

In those cherished moments of success, basking in the reflected glory of others,
Let us look, let us pay heed to the people that join us there.
Never, should we face it, do we arrive alone,
Rather, human beings, we stand face-to-face together.

OUTSTANDING SELF-DELUSION

Expectations are the enemy of the brave:
Worrying about a future beyond control
Brings with it the burden of self-delusion.

Rating me against you fails the test
Human against human leads to war
Bringing with it mutual destruction

Outstanding people show only one trait
Humility about the possibilities of selfhood
Holding with it a loving distance called care.

VIRAL IMAGES

Mysterious mind thoughts
Drifting across an inner landscape,
Motivated by emotions triggers,
Infect communities of ideas.

The idiom of mind play
Works across an outer landscape,
Motivated by emotions triggers,
Mutating and constantly replicating

Selfish memes and images
Drift across a shared landscape,
Motivated by emotions triggers,
Destroying and creating selfhood.

No singly shaped ideology
Created across the inner landscape,
Motivated by emotions triggers
Can control the viral failings.

WONDERMENT AND FEAR

I wonder how you feel in the big moment of life:
As the world begins to spin slower and pain appears,
The breathing changes and moods are enhanced.
Never before have you experienced the imminence;
A magnitude born out of the sheer uncertainty
Grips the space as though time will never end.
In the wonderment of the pleasure lives
A more than palpable fear of significance:
Life is changed today fore-ever.

DARK OVER HANGING CLOUDS

When life devours your very essence
Engulfed you stand in complete abeyance:
Paralysed the N'th degree.
To escape is where I want to be.

As cavernous and wondrous thoughts
Grapple to see where they ought
My mind seems seized and quite inert,
Everything just seems to hurt.

Are the circling vultures mirroring me
As around and around we go with glee.
These new experiences cause confusion
Is my learning becoming compulsion.

O' to have your clarity of vision
And swoop on carrion, my only mission.
That one clear goal guides your thinking
As you pursue it without flinching.

Rest, sit and pause a while.
To much too soon can taste vile.
Gorged and bloody we think we are sly
But now neither of us can fly.

GROWING PAINS

Today I feel complete, unbroken,
With belief and trust a token,
Jammed within a mighty thought
Which once inserted might come to nought.

Refreshed anew with clarity unflinching,
I learn through questions, always reaching.
And challenging for new perceptions
Push myself to new dimensions.

Openness without control,
Indelicate in its whole,
Grasps at meaning to become replete
Whilst we all struggle at its feet.

Honesty is never easy
People will always be very needy
But life without this vital stance
I might as well lie in a trance

When challenging becomes great fun
Consider that you are not the one
To gain the insight from the question.
So deliver thought provoking intervention.

If risk is all that you embrace
Consider that you may well loose the race.
For hidden within that poison chalice
Are many things that turn into malice

When failure comes without invitation
Make certain that you control irritation
So that when the learning is required
Find new ideas and be inspired.

Awareness is what I seek
So I will on many occasions be meek
And mild, without neglecting feelings.
Re born with weaknesses not concealing

When complete and the story is ending
Consider that without my mending
I would have drifted off to sleep
Without my happiness quite so deep.

BELOVED SUNNY

What can we own and share but memories?
Memories of the future shaped in the past!
Half-remembered conversations shaped in emotion
Seemed to carry us to a relationship beyond words;
As our knowingness of words touched we grew
Beyond the present and into a future togetherness.
Sunny beyond clouds:
Beloved beyond boundaries.

THANK YOU

Thank you never seems enough
To manage the magnitude of moments
Holding people together in their work.
Such simple and trivial words,
Much abused in use without meaning,
Have a need, at times, for a little more:
A simple something, beyond banal,
Where words carrying meaning might:
 Hold something of care and love;
 Hold something of passion and gift;
 Hold something of humour and joy.
So let these words stand for a little more!

A SMILE

You shine and bristle
Entertaining with ease;
Working pleasure
Shows in your eyes,
As you soften the sadness
Of the weary travellers.
Spring forward smile
Take on a noble cause!

INK

Between my fingers I caress you,
Twisting, turning, pushing in.
Preparing to peel away the layers,
To absorb you, to ignite.

Tip to sheet I feel the thrust,
Jolting my everything, me everywhere.
The secret shadow emerges,
Explosively I turn to dust.

Holding tight, my hand sweeps and sways,
Across the naked blanket of white.
A denuded trail of intimate narrative,
Revealed in its wake.

Intimations swirl impetuously,
The contour of a wistful mind.
Blacker than creativity in repose,
Bluer than the oceans sky.

Blindfolded, I drag my feet,
Steadily introducing me to me.
A chasm in thought and the liquid drips,
Symbolizing an imperfect mind.

Between my fingers you caressed me,
Absorbing every second of time.
Palm to tip I let you slip,
Drifting contently into my soul of INK.

Alyson Caroline Evans

“Your words echo the pain I have felt. They triggered emotions from my heart and tears from my eyes. They touch my soul and heal my wounds at the same time.”

Parul Singhal

Why I write

“Sadly, Polly passed away in 2014 after a protracted battle with ALS (Motor Neurone Disease), a brutal disease. She remained clear and lucid to the end, despite losing function of all muscular and neuronal signalling except cognitive. As her primary care giver during this time I had to give up the lab and retired to take care of her full time. A small price to pay to be with my dear Polly.

She would have enjoyed your latest writings. We both enjoyed your annual poems and read them to each other. I read them to her at the end.”

Friend who has provided permission but prefers anonymity

“Your poems (sic) remind me of being at work and I miss the sense of unity or where we are trying to get to but I am relieved to be away from the constant pressure”

Angela Hyde.

“After reading your work maybe I need to reconsider some of my choices as it is evident you have found deep satisfaction from what you are now doing and I am still rushing around the world perhaps avoiding that deeper inner self which you have clearly discovered.”

Sir. Tom Mckillop

“For my part I have always sort and admired people with imagination, know how and articulation. You tick all these boxes but with an underlying sense of honour and kindness that I admire even more.”

John Ramsey

“These poems really resonated me as a coach and as a developer of coaches and coaching managers. The third one for me really illustrates deep rapport and the intuition that can be needed to help bring things out from deep in the subconscious.”

Lisa Birtles

THE PRISONER

MUTATIS MUTANDIS (the necessary changes having been made)

“The discord between intellect and sensation is settled when the poet accepts life and enters into its activities with an undivided being.”

C.M. Bowra (1961) The Heritage of Symbolism. Schocken Books: New York. (page 54)

“As the ignorant perform the duties of life from the hope of reward, so the wise man, out of respect to the opinions and prejudices of mankind, should perform the same without motives of interest. He should not create a division in the understanding of the ignorant, who are inclined to outward works. The learned man, by industriously performing all the duties of life, should induce the vulgar to attend to them..”

Unknown Author (1849) The Bhagavat-Geeta, or dialogues of Krishna and Arjoon. Wesleyan Mission Press: Bangalore. (page 17)

“I hold that poetry, far from being a release of gas, is more like a precision instrument - one that can be used where the other precision instrument, science, is completely and forever useless”

L. MacNeice (1988) Thirty years of the Poetry Book Society 1956-1986, Edited by Jonathan Barker. Hutchinson: London. (Page 23)

“...industrial organisations of a new kind, in which a new spirit could blow. Though small, they would be bound together by organic ties strong enough to enable them to form as a whole a large concern. There is about large concerns, in spite of all their defects, a special sort of poetry, and one for which workmen have nowadays acquired a taste.”

S. Weil (2005) The Need For Roots. Routledge: London (Page 56)

“Intellectuals are naturally attracted by the idea of planned society, in a belief that they will be in charge of it. As a result they tend to lose sight of the fact that real discourse is part of day-to-day problem solving and the minute search for agreement. Real social discourse veers away from “irreversible changes”, regards all arrangements as adjustable, and allows a voice to those whose agreement it needs.”

R. Scruton (2015) Fools, Frauds, and Firebrands. Bloomsbury: London. (page 12)

A YEARNING PHILOSOPHER TO HIS SMILING POET

In your emergent words I found the way,
Through kindness and our laughing play,
To Reach deep inside and with faith renew
An Anima growth seen by just a few.

A shared journey to now bear the word
Was found in your eyes, a teacher spurred:
As Eve she emerged your Helen she grow
In Anima growth felt by just a few.

How can I know the true pain of you now,
Through speaking her words I learn how
To explore with my friend a new place to be
An Animus guide to help become free.

In speaking out now, free in the world,
We have found new ways to further unfurl.
In Virgin Mary's gift Helen's Troy is no more
In Animus guide of help, you are free.

Your growth is now painful for you to accept
Through ancient memories you are more inept:
Let Byronic action guide your bright smile
As Anima and Animus prefers a new guile.

The journey continues as wisdom we seek.
Hermes found ways to share with the meek
That we are not perfect, it is Sophia's way
Our Anima and Animus requires a new play.

CONFUSION AND LIGHT

Life through thought
What has it brought?
Incensed in feeling
My head is reeling
Pushed to action
But by a fraction.
Where to go?
I just don't know!

Life through living
Is constantly giving;
Motivation is high
Without any sigh.
Memories are blind
But not all behind
My future is planned
It is all in hand.

Life is now
I do know how.
Grasp the day:
I'll make my way
And climb that hill
Using all my will
To drive on in;
I may well win!!

A PLEA FOR THE WORLD

Speak up you silenced truth
Enter the world and move us;
Capture us in your unspoken harness
That the reality of life may enter.

THE CAGED ANIMAL

Stalking and walking in your endless patterns,
Trapped within your hidden tension battens:
Batten down the hatches of your life's confusion.
Keep silent on your chances of bitter exclusion.

Motion on motion supports emotions release,
Through verbal contortions you make their pleas.
Pleas for executive support of your tender ego
How resilient you seem taking blow after blow.

What is within you which drives this notion
That parading around prevents your explosion.
Explosion of words whisked through the air,
Targeting clients as they enter your lair.

Technologies trap brings out animal urge.
Your patterns to you are deeply submerged:
Submerged in your importance you fail to see
An animal caged is what you are to me.

FLEETING SLIVERS OF SILENCE

Flowing from me in the intimacy of the moment
Is the force that lives within the shared silence.
A silence alive with the compassion we seek;
A sliver of timelessness poetically fleeting.

Language lives at the boundary of this existence,
An utterance of the inner self seeking a home.
Without its engagement, an impossible wholeness;
A wholeness without a journey to freedom.

Sitting there, reflecting, gives connection without.
Drawing from the deep inner tribal hurts we share
Precious feelings gasp and seek air to breath;
Often suppressed keeping selfhood complete.

Connect, connect, connect again silent truth
Release the free flowing utterances of my heart.
Gush, break, become complete in our words;
Find and repair the wounds we make each day.

Heal, heal, and heal again: Oh, silent truth speak.

TOWARDS A WORLD WHERE ALL KNOW

In stepping outside, everything moved.
The truth that is now revealed comes
Only when we accept ourselves:
Freeing up to our purity of heart hurts,
Yet speaks up to those we love most.
Holding out our hatred and fears
For all to see has cost too much.
Finding new ways of being alive,
Accepting the floods of emotions,
Unearths a well of abundant time.
Not listening and indifference to others
Is the curse of many, who remain stuck;
Stepping beyond into the darkness,
Into the acceptance of your own pain,
Is to see yourself in others noise:
Anxieties churn avoided by so many,
Is our daily engine, moving us all.

In that moment when the truth
Comes thundering into your life
Seek solace in the journey of others.
Without being selfishly anchored,
In the moment of your loneliness,
You will truly find all who have moved.
Once released it is a truth which holds
But it is a lonely journey less traveled.

A FRIENDSHIP GARDEN

Friendship is not given but has to be grown
From word seeds full nurtured and carefully mown.
Amongst the fresh growth are the things we call weeds
Which come to our sight with their own special needs.
Some can be removed with the greatest of care
Others appear when friendship becomes bare.

The work of friendship is continued belief
That our word seeds provide a type of relief.
The nurtured space can be a fresh open meadow,
A distance away from any other type of ghetto;
A neat piece of garden carefully manicured
Which with humble vigilance will be procured.

The choice of friendship is one we all make,
None of us are perfect we all make mistakes,
So when word seeds are planted in a fertile ground
The most likely outcome is a friendship profound.
Sadly, choosing the meadow is not in my gift
But hard work in our garden may heal any rift.

It is clear that friendship lingers and remains,
Word seeds planted together will always sustain:
The weeds are forgotten as they carry no scent,
Harsh words replaced by our care not hates vent.
Harvesting friendships is what makes us whole,
Let us care for our garden it is ours to control.

A COMMON FLAME

We are different yet carry a common flame,
A burning tap into the revealed unconscious.
Once open Pandora's Box will never close:
accept her truth.

Our guides into the new place are different,
Yet the responses are humanely common:
A journey taken by the humble enlightened,
A place which terrifies the ordinary mortal -
Who often fail to see beyond the every-day:
who need to go on.

Some visit the flame which becomes too hot,
Others choose to extinguish the flame in fear:
Few choose to embrace the new discovery
And see where the journey may lead the fool.
Taking the courage "to be" is a hard place:
a road less traveled.

Do not expect that others will follow along,
For it is for the few to know and then speak:
An action that enables others to see the light -
if all too briefly.

LASTING CONVERSATIONS

Organisations are conversations and memories
Entwined within the fabric of the living soul:
Learning to embrace emotions gradual birth,
Which is forever moving in the wind of others,
Whilst shaping the meaning of enterprises work
Is the gift bestowed upon the many who strive.
Living with each other in the magic we make
Shapes the impact we have in our special work.
Folding our love into the products created
Passes a new health to those in most need.
How can anyone not cherish the memories
Made every day in the differences we make.

Without the courage to experience growth
It becomes so easy to become self-trapped:
Cocooned within that which is comfortable
Shatters and numbs those who dream and make;
Living within the dream it is easy to hide!
Making the dreams a reality with others
Leads to the conversations that last beyond:
Living words echo in our quiet force today,
Shaping and making a new journey beyond;
Steps along another path, a new creation,
Forged in the passion of those who care.
Souls join and live when truth and action speak.

FATHERHOOD

Fatherhood is a strange device;
Strange and strangled by much advice.
All we can do is the best that we can
And hope we contribute to the emerging man.

At times it may feel as rough as dogs
With rules understood only by hogs
But all I can say is thanks for being you
Because without that I don't know who
Would have given the love and accepted the pain
Holding it all together through the driving rain.

I hope it feels right
And worth the fight
To realise now
That you did know how.
Accept it and glow
In what we both know.
In all we both feel
We made a great deal.

WHAT DOES IT NEED TO MAKE A CHANGE?

What does it need to make a change
And find the words 'It will never happen again'

Who needs to die to shake up politics,
And find the words 'Get beyond our rhetoric'

Where do we know truth in our tribal rants
And find the words 'Speaking evil with our chants'

When will I balance my views of you
And find the words 'Speaking kindness of those few.'

Why do we always believe we are right
And find the words 'Ideologies need us to fight.'

How will we enable our human growth
And find the words 'I and we are now both.'

Six honest serving-words point the way
And find the words 'Let's search as we play'

Others say in five whys will we flow
And find the words 'In Root cause analysis will we know'

Why do we place all our trust in our self
When Plato was so clear "We are shadows on the shelf"

Why do we place all our trust in the State
When Marx was so clear "Violent overthrow is what we rate"

Why do we place all our trust in our clan
When Dawkins was so clear "Our genes predefine a man"

Why do we place all our trust in our hero's
When Jung was so clear "Many will fail and become zeros'

Why do we place all our trust in no-trust
When Nash was so clear "Governing dynamics makes us bust.'

So many have strived to understand change
Using intricate methods that appear to extend our range

But human are our flaws which we can all see
Let us passionately talk and listen you and me
Find meaning in our moments, we may become free.

A PLACE IN MY HEART

A place in my heart will always reside
For those who have remained beside,
Our passionate desire not to hide.

Why,

A life in our work we must fail?
Hypothesis's gain is the Holy Grail
Victories are few for others to hail.

Science

Is being present to inspirations gift
It requires that can we carry and lift,
Different thinking requires a fine sift:
Different thinking requires Oculus rift:

Is

Never distant to those in deep need,
The insights are those special seeds,
Brought into products without greed.

Like

A distant truth that few learn to find
In our words we must carefully remind,
Humanities gift is not just in the mind.

Poetry

Locates a different type of truth
Distant to those scientifically aloof
Who over rely on a science's proof?

Humble!

Never seeking to speak in just one way
Those who seek balance live for today,
Never frightened to dive in to the fray.

Respectful!

Finding our truths is the hardest work
Constantly moving it drives us berserk
In escaping ego's trap we are not jerks!

Humane!

RELIVING THE CHILDHOOD DREAM

Play comes to us from time to time:
Children seem to us to escape the confines of responsibility,
Chased and pure, untainted by life;
The freshness of play fires us.

The dream of recaptured truths haunts:
Calling us to abandon and escape the chains of adulthood,
Tarnished and damaged, purer in truth;
The freshness of truth plays us.

Living the conversations of play excites:
Freeing the ideas that build the future for our children,
Realistic and practical, creation in action;
The freshness of working makes us.

RISKING IT ALL

When all the world feels lost,
When all the feelings are cold,
There is but one thing to trust
It is that which binds and holds.

To name such a thing is truth,
Holding onto the truth is a lie;
It glides into the world unknown
Maintaining an essence, a cry.

Surrounded by the faith of all
That the world is yet to come
Hides us from this present truth.
Beyond us all a silence, numb.

In all our connecting hearts
Sounds this pulse of truth:
Hidden from us in our words.
Without any shred of proof.

AWAKENING

Memories of the
Beginnings, where the
End arrived: the
End of another way,
Where silence harms.

Spoken nightly words
lingered, hangingly
Awaiting her voice:
Heard in full harmony,
In Fragments retained.

Waking from the
Fractured sleepless
Peace, forever changed,
The gift broken free:
New players joined.

Beyond, now Thomas
reminds - the sere
And the amber
Of September time -
Poets together.

LOVE

Flowing from within the void
Is the entrenched fervour of misery:
Disguised as something hopeful
It can hide the hurtful truths.
Few want to hear withinness,
Betweeness, connectedness, humaneness.
Rather they would have us believe
That what is risen is true
 what is risen is hate
 hate of selfhood
 hate of other
 hate.

HATE

Flowing from within the void
Is the enchanted flow of joy:
Disguised as something passive
It is too waitful for other's truths.
Few do hear the withinness,
Betweeness, connectedness, humaneness.
And they **will** us to believe
That what is risen is true
 What is risen is love
 Love of selfhood
 Love of other
 Love.

WE NEVER KNOW

We never know, when walking in,
How the future will unfurl before us:
Encouraged by naive optimistic hope,
The world seems endlessly available;
Never daunted, curiosities pleasure
Draws us towards the unknown spaces;
New friendships anchored in the feisty
Unbroken conversations of discovery.

We never know, when walking along,
How the present is born before us:
Hidden in the unspoken words, felt
In the everyday focus on others needs;
With a freshness of fertile nurturing
Waiting to be embraced with warmth;
Where conversions to the new creed
Consumes the unsuspecting travellers.

We never know, when walking away,
How the past remains available to us:
Arriving in new conversations, like
Echoes from ancient mystical muses;
Never far beyond the conscious hum
Lies a memory flashing with radiance;
Magnified by the confident knownness
Our joyful shared successes speak.

We never know, when walking stops,
How the past, present and future join's us:
Travelling in hopeful optimisms gaze
The cherished places always remain;
Amongst newly forged challenges
Stoic resilience finds a homely peace;
With friendships anchored in the loving
Unbroken conversations of humanity.

TO MOURN

To mourn is to breath afresh
Life of ones long lost care:
Let it not be self-conscious;
Let it not be sentimental;
Let the grief speak to us.

Being here with you today,
Knowing of your love,
Let us not be sorrowful,
Let us not be scared,
Let your light burn still.

The gift you give us all
Is the lyrical love of life:
Let your truth grow,
Let your family speak it,
Your legacy flourishes still.

STAY WITH ME

Stay with me,
Leave your presence:
Haunt my dreams.

Stay with me,
Heave our weight:
Caught in time

Stay with me,
Cleave the past:
Flaunt the future.

Stay with me,
Achieve our truth:
Bright with love.

IN THE SOLITUDE OF WRITING

In the solitude of writing
The mystery of why is beguiling.
Filled with a self-doubt without care
Utterances grasp and free form
In a desire to be heard.

But to be heard by whom?
Is it writing with the knowledge of obscurity
That the tingling passion of being alive comes?

Without the world I am free
But with the world I am whole.
So in truth the guiding presence of my poesy
Is not for me to be heard but to be alone:
Knowing that in being alone I am truly whole.

A FOOLISH POET

Stand up, stand up
you sorry man
Accept what all can see.
A poet, a poet
you sorry fool
Now fuck off and be.

“Your message made me cry. Because it is beautiful and you write from your heart. These days, this is of great value. For me.”

Corina Dota

Why I write

“I feel fortunate that I worked with this guy--and know the man behind the poetry and science! Opens up new ways of seeing and understanding. Can't we all use a bit of this in our working lives? Using David's poetry to breathe and reflect-- makes an amazing difference in the day-to-day.”

Anne Mueller

“Once a again you nail the essence of success in workplace. I love to read and follow your work!”

Pierre Wettergren.

“I was looking for the right words, you wrote them for me.”

Moira Daniels

“Your poems are of great inspiration to me. I have read it more than once and once more today. I feel that you catch a lot about life and our struggle and friendship.”

Bjorner Bodogaard Christensen

“Great words..did you write this? You're in the wrong job if you did!”

Ian Watts

“Is this one of your creations...? It is very good - these moments you mention, are indeed transient and only the 'lucky ones' are ever aware of such events.”

Pirthipal Singh

“This is an iconic poem. I am not sure if your poems make more sense to me these days due to the fact they echo our conversations or your poetic style has changed. But there is a constant movement, slow and steady and I can hear your voice.”

Parul Singhal

“My eyes get some drops of all these nice words.”

Gunnar Kjellin

THE PRISONER WANDERING

LACRIMAE RERUM (Tears of things)

“About matters of the spirit, men are all engaged in colloquies with themselves. Some of them are overheard, and they are the great poets.”

E. Thomas (2014) Edward Thomas Selected Poems, Edited by Matthew Hollis. Faber and Faber: London. (page 31)

“More often than prose or mathematics, poetry is received in a hostile spirit, as if its publication were an affront to the reader; yet most of the poetry which is published probably appears because, at the time of writing, it delighted the writer and convinced him that it held some profound significance or some exact description which he hoped that others, too, might see.”

M. Roberts (1936) The Faber Book of Modern Verse. Faber & Faber: London. (page 1)

“The reputation of a poet spreads very slowly: a younger generation may never realize that some poet now famous in their eyes may have waited years before his work was known to more than a very small audience, and that it may have had to be fought for by a very few enthusiasts.”

T.S. Eliot (1988) Thirty years of the Poetry Book Society 1956-1986, Edited by Jonathan Barker. Hutchinson : London. (page 46)

“Nay more, a poetic intuition can be kept in the soul a long time, latent (though never forgotten), till some day it will come out of sleep, and compel to creation. But at that moment there is not need of any additional element, it is only a question of application to actual exercise. Everything was already there, contained in poetic intuition, everything was given, all the vitality, all the insight, all the strength of creativity which is now in act.... totality is now virtually given in the first line of a poem, as a gift from the pre-conscious life of the soul.”

J. Maritain (1997) Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry. Princeton University Press: Princeton. (page 134)

“When rulers seek to impose a new order upon any such group belonging to one or other of these more primitive culture-phases, it is necessary for those rulers to take into account the influence of the poets as recalling something loved.”

D. Jones (1952) The Anathemata. Faber & Faber : London. (page 21)

LACRIMAE RERUM (Tears of things)

The beauty, wretched and weak,
Lives full force breathing dusty
Fragments of his bitter hatred.
Captivated by her failing grace,
Once flowing blossom lights now
Escape the gleaming world of things.

Weeping wounds fester and writhe -
Screaming to bare fruit in man's world,
Ripping and scratching at the surface,
Hoping that earth mother hears us.
She continues holding to account hubris.
Now let her breathe fire and enter us:
The tears we share need her voice.

TENDER IS THE VOICE WITHIN

Tender is the voice within
Which rages at the world;
Never reaching far beyond self,
To hurt those that do not see,
It torments the poet, now free.

Joyful speech of seeing's,
Created in and of the world,
Are stored within the corpus
And joined with knowledge's sea:
It ferments in the poet, now free.

A becomingness, inspiration -
 Being of the world
 Being in the world
 Becoming the world
Within everythingness adrift.

Floating in that timeless space,
Amongst the eddies of it all,
Beyondness and presence are clear;
Focussed by a hidden desire to be
It creates in the poet, now free.

Anchored in the caring words
Found floating in those around
It's brought to earth, words to read,
Shared with all who care to see;
It completes the poet, now free.

WAKING UP A CREATIVE LIGHT

Waking up beyond the old familiar places
Amongst the new routines, without traces
 Of the deep caring and true smiles; within
A new confinement of fresh virtual spaces
In a homely familiarity, with disrupted faces.

Forced effort is required in moving away,
A familiar pressure, to prove, holding sway.
 The virtualised need the clear winner; within
The closed room door it's so easy to stay.
Next door children noisy and free, at play.

Venturing out to meet with the old teams,
Continually evolving, moving shared memes,
 Forces a sharp reality and deep blow; within
The emotions surfacing, driven full steam,
Full realisation of our diverging streams.

Balancing the old with an acquired new reality
Leaves dreams strange, with unbalanced parity.
 Healing will come with times mystery: without
Realities bite, beyond current virtual brevity,
The enjoyment of life holds a strange paucity.

So onwards towards the new teams embrace
Once we meet and see each other's face
 The feelings will depart and it begins: with
Joining fully the speeding new ventures race,
Another home to make, an exciting chase.

A feisty familiarity, common passions shared
A rigour of expertise, not easily compared
Falls fully formed and free in the flow: with
Laughter and joy filling shapes, easily snared,
It hides fear in my heart, still deeply scared.

How can the fool with Industries great tricks
Compare with the genius who carefully picks
The route for the many and not for the few: with
Humilities charm, and a careful pace, it will click
That moment will come soon where it all sticks.

Until the moment, with some travelling to go,
When the truth of emotions emerge in our flow
Todays storming and forming patterns can show
Awareness of what our current new ways know:
A spark of creativity was lit, almost fully aglow.

REQUESTS

Each choice made provokes
A never ending chain of ends;
Beginnings that will never be,
Thoughts that will fade,
Friends that come together,
Relations forever harmed,
Ideas that will never surface:
A passion inspired to live.

Being in a moment of choice
Facing the newly creating strings
Requires time to consider,
Patience to sit quietly with others,
Emotional resilience to move on,
Forgotten-ness to remember,
Lovingfull-ness to respond:
A passion inspired by you.

FIND OUR MUSE

Tonight we will speak in one voice
Never a single cadence at odds
As we marry together, wordlessly
Stirring. Primitively fumbling,
The notes truthfully resonate:
Noticing the flow draws us close,
Beyond a jousting and jostling world:
Stay outside you harmful dissonance,
Leave us alone to find our muse.

TRUTH AT PLAY

I elect to be a person,
A person beyond a single belief,
One beyond the rhetoric of soul,
Within the breath of truth,
Beyond the strictness of life
Amongst the people of hope.

That place, inhabited by a few,
Is a foundry built in silence
Where a soul meets life fully
In a coming togetherness
Without malice nor retribution
Amongst the people at play.

UNDERSTANDING LEARNING

I try to understand your life,
I try so hard.

Living at the margins of life
I live so hard.

Working within our place of living
I work so hard.

Trying to live at work in hope
I care so hard.

Trying to care in passionate joy
I love so hard.

In trying, living, working, caring, loving
I learn so much.

WORRY TIME

When we stop worrying the world appears
Mysterious and glorious like never before,
Each day becomes transcendent and fresh:
The boundlessness of possibilities appear
When the slowness of time spent together
Matches the pace of the seasons grace.

CHE FECE IL GRAN RIFIUTO

Without the pleasure there is no pain,
Endurance of the agony enhances the ecstasy:
Saying Yes to the challenge brings 'it' on,
Which is living a full and interesting life.

Without pleasure and pain is to not live,
It is endurance of a different dulling kind:
Saying No to the challenge brings 'it' on,
Which is missing the opportunity to become.

With a fullness in life there is a becoming,
Enhanced trusting in the joyfulness of others:
In saying Yes to others we will often win,
Yet frailties in the human condition prevail.

With a fullness and becoming we unveil,
Revealing the perfections of our humanity:
In saying No to the inner voices of doubt
Uncertainty from frailties are controlled.

FREEDOM IN LOVE

In two people I hear a heartbeat, hammering silent and strong,
Hidden within the silent moments reach is a heavenly throng:
Shared moments of loving and light bring radiance abounding,
Tender moments of touch release your floundering.
A growing glow shines in your presence
Together at last in your truthful essence.

PRAISE FOR HER JOY, LOVE THEM ALL

**“Fuck the bitches, fuck them all”
For if they win then we will fall.**

Who's truth is it that seizes the day?
Those who pursue power all the way?
The truth is what they want to hear
A soul is lost in her desire to steer.

Finding your way and staying true
Means all around will see the you
Who finds the way to stop the rot;
Burn the dreams that is her plot.

**“Burn the witches, burn them all”
Stay true to you, remain full and tall.**

Never repeat the evil of Salem's hunt
Where a belief infected all in front:
They blamed the innocent of false harm
Hysteria shaped what should have been calm.

They have no real power the evil ones
Best to respond with our clever puns:
Remain out of their web, it can snare,
Yet even for her you must still care.

**“Praise to women, praise them all”
For love is there, it’s their true call.**

So when all is done, we will stay full
Of all the joy, having resisted the pull.
The pleasure of life is now here again
The burst of anger is back in the pen.

Don’t let the lure of an evil intent
Shape evil in you: you must relent.
Stay true to a calling of loving all;
In love our differences will all fall.

**“Praise for her joy, love them all”
Let hatred go: enter into truths hall.**



THE VOICE WITHIN

It is the voice within that speaks
But to hear her true tenor
Requires a desire to listen.
Beyond the self is the space,
A place of belonging amongst;
 Those who will not listen,
 Those who want to despise,
 Those who want to harm.

Without a voice from her truth
I am like the others - stuck.
Hearing you speak shapes
New moments of possibilities
Where the light shines again;
 For those who choose life,
 For those who know why,
 For those who change.

THE TRUE HEALER

Tracking through emotional tangles -
When the weight of life's pointedness
Presses upon our feeble humanity -
Can destroy nourished friendships
During our ongoing togetherful work.

Friendships sustained in joyous resilience,
Marked by ever moving conversations
Stop in amazement as stuckness appears.
Wallowing together, seeking the exit,
The way is clear for those with sight.

Time and self-honesty destroyed
How fair is a friends path-seeking
In the darkness of a future un-predicted?
Hearing the clarity of care spoken
Provides only further waywardness.

Going on together in spite of 'it',
Finding the road beyond the tangles,
Beyond the immediacy of rawness,
Will bring tomorrows promised land
With a resurgence of that which was lost.

In the darkest of light beauty shines;
Seen in the trueness of friendship
A beacon points a way to a healing.
Hidden in the desire to work forward
A feeling of desperation hides 'it.'

Listening, not to the words I hear,
There is a care and nourishment to sustain.
Sitting with the non-words, in reflection,
The darkness is lifted and 'it' passes.
Friendship not time is the true healer.

BARBADOS FLOWERS

Aquamarine flowers, bejewelled torrents,
Flow across the sand, glistening from
The salty kiss. A glowing presence
Is echoed in the crushing ferment.

Moon driven machine flowing forever forward balanced by
A stillness appearing in the distance, where sky and earth meet.

Dream-state cushions drift, reshaping to God's time;
Held in the frozen blue canopy they speak of shapes within.

Space and dreams connected by earth,
Sea, and sky to the human rhythm of time:
Relentless seeking of past, present and future -
The nowness of waves soothing a soul.

STEPS THROUGH JOY

In the summer sun and radiant glow
You will come together with a flow
Of heartfull flowers and gossamer wings
To blend your hearts and share your rings.

New England born again in radiant smiles
Draws your friends from many a mile,
Together they weep emotions high
As your presence touches them: oh how they fly.

With all the attention focused on you
Please consider that moments hue
And bask in attentions fullest pride
As you stand before them; the glorious bride.

The tension of those emotions shared
Will mean that you may well feel bared,
Amongst your friends who know you well
No judgement but a bewitching spell.

The ceremony over, the tension released
A party to begin and behold, what a feast;
In the decked out splendour of Berkshire Hall
The mission Joyous revelry to install.

To share this day seems gift indeed
For all who take time to heed
The fleeting moments of arresting space
Surrounding such a hallowed place.

I'm sorry that I cannot share your day
But in writing this I have visioned my stay
And felt the emotions of a great friends peace
As she engages her friends with ease.

So forget that I will not be there
As in spirit I am longing to share.
I raise my glass in salute of the great
Live long in joy within this marriage estate.

DISCOVER THE PLACE

Discover not the hidden place
Seek first the one in full view.
Let the togetherness of our being
Harness our moments hidden depths;
The awakening of humanities present gift
Shows us the way to our place of peace.

CONNEMARA COUNTING

One is the wonder of it all.
Two is the number who got the call.
Three without it we cannot be free.
Four is the harvesting of me.
Five, the jewels within the mere.
Six our number gathered here.
Seven the heaven of dazzling light.
Eight the muse of the night.
Nine the mysteries of our youth.
Ten togetherness and truth.

PRINCESS TO A KING

In your emergent words I found the way,
Through kindness and our laughing play,
To reach deep inside and with faith renew
An Anima growth seen by just a few.

A shared journey to now shape the word
Was found in your eyes, a teacher spurred:
As Eve she emerged your Helen she grow
In Anima growth felt by just a few.

How can I know the true pain of you now,
Through speaking her words I learn how
To explore with my friend a new place to be
An Animus guide to help become free.

In speaking out now, free in the world,
We have found new ways to further unfurl.
In Virgin Mary's gift Helen's Troy is not to be.
With Animus guide a help, you are now free.

Your growth is now painful for you to accept
Through ancient memories you are more inept:
Let Byronic action help your bright smile stay
As Anima and Animus prefers a new play.

The journey continues as wisdom we seek.
Hermes found ways to share with the meek
That we are not perfect, it is Sophia's way,
Our Anima and Animus requires a new play.

POETIC SCIENCE

I awoke to find in my voice
The spirit of centuries past.
A scientist of the soul;
Poetic meanings of the whole.

Time past, present and future
Draw together in a changing space.
A scientist of the whole;
Poetic meanings of the soul.

Human unconsciousness opened
Breaking ego's shackles to be:
A poetic science now whole;
Scientific poems of the soul.

ANOTHER JOURNEY BEGINS

At times it feels that life itself is ebbing away
As the distant feeling of sublime understanding
Trickles away in the circular meeting of our togetherness.

At times it feels like that sudden glimpse of something
Offers enough recognition to know the thing I need
Is there to grasp and hold; It slips away, relentlessly moving.

At times it feels as though we, in our carefulness,
Care little for the fact that others cannot understand
The utterances we make in our vain hope of recognition.

At times we feel lost and alone in our togetherness
As the disappointment of hope shatters in the resounding
Openness of the circle, laying bare the movement of our shaping.

In seeing the movement of our togetherness, in its full horror,
And going on regardless, in the knowledge of your care,
I know at last that I have grown to understand the realities of life.

In growing to my understanding it is time to say goodbye
Expressed in the voice I have found, an explanation of my departing.
I have grown and flown the nest, a full adulthood now to explore.

A CHRISTMAS WISH

A moments glance enough to say
That Christmas will always stay.
It's in my heart,
It's in my glow,
Between us all we know.

That special day when peace transcends.
Bitter rivalries; together as friends.
It's in your heart,
It's in your glow,
Between us all we know.

Beyond the fripperies of the day
Exists a union showing the way:
It's in our heart,
It's in our glow,
Between us all we know.

TRUTH IS YOURS TO JUDGE

Inside us lies a truth that is hard to own.
Thrusted upon us in the myriad moments
It never gives up a clear view
It never enables a cherished calm
It never eases the muddled mind.

Befuddled by a truth, laboured by words
And hidden in the escaping moments
The danger always lurks
The charlatans always emerge
The pace of life allows escape.

To capture the cherished extremes
Of the ever changing narrative space
That is this poets pain
That is this writers gift
That truth is yours to judge.

*“Thanks for this wonderful poem
- you really are a poet in a
scientist body!!.”*

Why I write

Jean Penny OBE

“You know I’ve always enjoyed your poetry, but this is especially poignant ... so many people came up to myself and my family during the service and described the impact my father had on their lives ... very moving to hear how he was a Vice President and they revered him / his positional power, yet he treated everyone, from facilities to his president, with respect, caring and admiration and they all felt comfortable around him. We heard so many stories about how he helped individuals, whether financially, emotionally, or professionally ... really very powerful and moving, just like I find your poem.”

Suzanne Tracy

“Thank you for listening, understanding and comforting me. Thank you for letting me share my feelings, my pain and my desire to prove to myself that I can be great. Thank you for trusting in me and for sharing your hurt, our troubles are truly shared. Thank you for being kind and gentle, for making me feel special and for letting me be me. Finally and most importantly, thank you for being YOU!!”

Ally Evans.

“This is beautiful and really reflects for me a lot about the meeting. I could never have put it so eloquently.”

Lynne Mayer

“The poem is a wonderful tribute to you and to your courage as you search and struggle to grasp and convey new awakenings.” “Many thanks for your thoughtful poem. I feel very privileged to have seen it and I almost feel that it is directly for me. ”

Mary O’Flynn

“Many thanks for your delightful poem. One of the joys of creative arts is that they can channel the pressures and frustrations of everyday life into something more productive and lasting.”

Peter Alsop

THE PRISONER

SUB SPECIE AETERNITATIS (what is universally and eternally true)

“Accessible is another way of saying popular ... much read and often quoted. The more a poet is read, the less he is written about. Criticism prefers an enigma ... receives more critical attention.”

A. Bennett (2014) *Six Poets: Hardy to Larkin*. Faber & Faber: London. (page viii)

“Our first obligation is the restoration of our own capacity to be human: to think and feel as whole men, not as specialists, not as ideologists, not as partisans and experts, not as political or religious sectarians, not as tribalists and nationalists, but as exponents of what is veritably human. .”

L. Mumford (1954) *In the Name of Sanity*. Harcourt, Brace & Company: New York. (page 5)

“156. The Most Influential Person - That a person resists the whole all his Time, stopping them at the gate and holding them accountable, it **must** have an influence! Whether he wants too is not a concern; that he **can** that is the thing.”

“305. Self-control - Because we must in these days be able to lose ourselves, given the things which we are and they are not, if we want to learn something.”

F.W. Nietzsche (1887) *Die fröhliche Wissenschaft,..la gaya scienza*. Verlag von E. W. Fritsch: Leipzig. (page 71 and 92). (Translated by D.J, Scanlon (2018))

“Read wonderful quote by the marvellous Iris Murdoch. In speaking of art and morals Iris describes beautifully the place for love beyond self love and the excitement of finding reality.” Permissions not granted for use of quote. Available here ([Link](#))

I. Murdoch (1998) *Existentialists and mystics: writings on philosophy and literature*. The Penguin Press: London. (page XIV-XV – Lines Start 33 – End Line 1 next page)

“it is in England that Science and Art have been kept rigidly apart. Yet it is easy to see, particularly nowadays, how Science and Imagination must work together to give a modern account of the human universe. I myself believe that ‘poetry, not abandoning itself to the unconscious, but seizing it and raising itself as far as possible into the consciousness, ... prefigures a final reconciliation of the two.’”

P. Redgrove (1988) *Thirty years of the Poetry Book Society 1956-1986*, Edited by Jonathan Barker. Hutchinson: London. (Page 167)

DO YOU BEAT YOURSELF TOO?

The contempt devils your innocence,
Your code of honour is mysterious.
Does sleep come peacefully through?
Or do you beat your children too?

Fighting without humility is pain
It shapes your life of non-existence.
Was the early world unfair to you?
Or did your father beat you too?

Accept your pain, take time to heal;
Come into a world that cares for you.
Will you ever find the love you crave?
Or just beat yourself to the grave?

TIME AND ACTION

What are actions and time, to those without it?
It is a place of burden or another task!

What is time and action, to those with purpose?
It is place of focus or another achievement!

Where are actions in time, to those who plan?
They are in the past with pure efficiency!

Where is time and action, to those who care?
They are in the present with pure elation!

PRANAM

Finding your journey to the kindred artist
Passes through the lonely road in the woods.
Learning to be alone and enjoy the space
Teaches the poet how to pay attention.

Yet the yearning aches to the core
Resolved briefly in the dusty journeys,
The meeting of minds found in words
Written and anchored on snow white pages.

To have the living space of muse inspiration
Was but a dreamspace of nights in the woods.
Without knowing two paths joined on a journey
One longing disappeared and a new life began.

DEFINE FOR ME THE MOMENT

Define for me the moment
When all around you is still:
Hold onto it as long as you can!
Elusive to find
Magic to see
Transient to hold.

Define for me the moment
When all around you is truth:
Hold onto it as long as you can!
Diffuse in nature
Cunning in spirit
Absolute in you.

Define for me the moment
When all around you care:
Hold onto them as long as you can!
Define them quick
Keep them close
Cherish them forever.

WHAT IS AN IDEA?

What is an idea

but a conversation marked in time?

A moment of movement

A collision of words.

What is it about ideas

that we easily locate them in each other?

A captured thing.

A moment owned by one.

What are ideas

if not viewed as collective voices?

Expressed through one person

Expressed to maintain Ego.

When will we recognise our parts

True togetherness.

OH TIMELESS CLOUDS

Oh timeless clouds,
That gather the sky towards you,
Show me the way
To harness and transform
A distant beauty.

Let your turbulent face,
That changes with easy grace,
Paint for me the
Way to survive and grow
In my swirling change.

White purity engulfing,
And shrouding the ominous change,
Leave open a possibility
To seek a way through
The darker days.

THANK YOU FOR MY VOICE

In the truthful moments of our togetherness
We hold onto a hope of eternal light.

With the dimming of the day,
With the shade of passing,
With the final breath,
Hope appears forlorn.

Yet, In the glorious heights of moments shaped,
And the despair of damaging truth.

A light was born,
A light that shines still,
A light rekindled today:
Hope grows afresh.

In the knowledge of our generated truth
We live together in the words we speak

Thank you for my voice
Thank you for my laughter
Thank you for my rebirth
Hope shines through.

ETERNAL OPTIMIST

Eternal optimist that I am
I put behind me all I can
Assuming that the world will change,
Make better sense and re-arrange,
I live in hope that I might find
A special force to hide behind;
One that grasps and shakes me true
And helps me again to live with you.

For it is true that times are hard
Plagued with myriads of broken cards
That lay in the tatters of fallen dreams.
It's hard to see what all this means!

The gifts of life that we deserve
Are often held up in reserve,
Behind the mask that helps us live
We lay protected from those who give.
Shuttered behind our special force
We hear tapped signals in broken Morse;
They point me to the person who
Will help me again to live with you.

For it is true that times are hard
Plagued with myriads of broken cards
That lay in the tatters of delivered dreams.
It's hard to see what all this means!

Tender moments in which we're free
Remind us all how we can be
Without our masks, vulnerability seen
The world for a moment isn't so mean
And through the love of caring grace
I find the energy to rejoin the race.
Thank you for being the one who
Helps me be me, and you be you.

For it is true that times are hard
Plagued with myriads of broken cards
But we are all we have, not dreams
It's possible now to see what it means!

REACHING BEYOND

Reaching beyond yourself to find another
Requires a courage to face the fear of rejection.
In taking a leap of faith into the unknown,
Which can bring joy and hurt in equal measure,
Distinguishes us from the world around us.

In the changing conversations we face our fear:
Our choice is to grasp the fear and trust another
Or find solace in our anger and wallow in pity.
These choices touch every waking conversation,
Distinguishing us from the world around us.

When enough people take the path of courage,
Finding themselves through each others presence,
Then possibilities are boundlessly available.
It is in accepting that to trust I must go first
That distinguishes me from the world around me.

COURAGEOUS DREAMS

To live in a dream is foolishness

To inspire the creation of dreams is leadership.

To create something from dreams needs courage.

To deliver a reality from dreams needs drive.

To have the patience to wait requires wisdom.

To keep the dream alive requires truth.

CHOICE AND CHANGE

Hubris and narcissism joined one day,
For want of a job, they started to play.
Never before had the world seen such
Everyone awaited upon their crutch.

Excitement and passion played one day,
For want of a job, they decided to stay.
Knowing that time is always ahead
Delivering today, is the focus instead.

Leaders and challenge joined one day,
For want of a job, they started to play.
My muse's choice will make the change,
I have trust in her truth to rearrange.

FINDING HER VOICE

Blessed are those whose joy transcends:
Her magic may work on those who listen;
Awake-ness may visit those who care beyond
The confines of the self imposed ego tyranny;
Peace may visit the restless searchers;
Wisdom may be attained by the few
Whose gift needs to find her voice.

EACH WAY I TURN

Each way I turn the world appears to conspire
Anchoring a perception that bureaucracy require
Huge organisations with specialists for all work:
Without all the skill it's easy to become berserk!

I know that the world is filled with people who care
So the perceptions disappear when they are so fair
Which helps the world grow from our crafts and arts:
With all our skills the scepticism may well depart!!

Each way I turn I see the world with fresh eyes
Where the world is so difficult for me to despise:
Patience and care with a friendly and humane tone
Releases the tension which so many love to bemoan!!!

TREAT US ALL WITH KID GLOVES

I cannot find a place to stay:
Few words come for me to pray.
All I know is: 'He was true'
And all of us we knew
A kind and caring man
Who made a careful plan:
'I'll make a life for those I love
And treat them with kid gloves.
I'll protect them all I can.
For that's what makes me a man.
But in this my final act
I've faced up to the fact
That the plan I carefully laid
Seems worthless and unmade.'

So as we all in our own way grieve
Dealing with facts we cannot believe
There is but one absolute truth:
He touched us all, but not aloof.
His legacy is clear for all to see
They are sitting here right next to me.

FACING UP

Each day I wonder as I see
The empty spaces within me,
Why I reach out into the void,
Searching through lives celluloid,
To touch another with my voice?
A chance that we might rejoice!

Nervous, hesitant I make my play
Anxiously hoping that you will stay
And not cast me out into the dark
With little chance to make my mark.
Connected, but I don't know how,
Patterns emerge once seen, wow!

Together in languages embrace
We have the courage each to face
A life where running away has stopped,
And face our lives without being propped
By images that never see the day.
So is reality now here to stay!

STUCK-NESS AND MOVEMENT

I feel

...stuck.

Without a need to change:

Something lies hanging, listless, in the air.

....I grasp.

Desiring to bring 'it' into existence,

But the way closes, silently, no sign to show the way.

...flat.

We pick our selves up with hope,

Jumping gaily into a saviours, giddy, dance.

...a..l..o..n..g I go.

Easily I feel the movement that comes.

Drawn along, the restlessness goes. The ideas stay.

... 'it's' stopped.

Lazily accepting that peace given

The dream returns, I sleep the day away.

...alive again,

Fitfully, renewed in the margin moments

Where the freshness brings me back.

I feel...

...deluded.

What is that promise 'the future is ours to shape.'

Give up the foolish dream and talk.

...Live...

...in every way ...

...so that...

...simple moments...

...touch you

Let the big ideas stay with those who sleep.

Let the rest of us renew ourselves each day

In the simple things that touch the truth.

...'its' there.

Between us in the words we speak

It hurts. Don't escape. Live.

...Community...

.....of words....

.....that rush....

.....in the silence....

....stay a while...

... and help...

Us to see what we really are.

Together at last, united in the simplest way.

Who am I to hold these thoughts.

O simple and demented fool, speak up.

BUBBLES BURST

We all live in our fragmented bubbles
Working towards the imagined whole,
Which constantly eludes those who seek.
Searchers forever see and look out
Finding it eases the pain within.
At pointed times the bubble bursts
Allowing the darkness to surface.
The explosion surprises the deluded,
Who seek only the positive in others.
A new dark notch of truth is revealed.
Noticing, at the moment of most pain,
Requires a special gift, few attain.
Now is where the wisdom comes.

BURN BRIGHT

The dreams of our lives create the drive,
Yet the fire that burns engulfs but a few.
Carried by the passion, heat consumes us;
Darkness and dust can lay cold in its wake.
Harnessing the passion risks total destruction,
Risks leaving those around in a dark place.
Better to have lived in the full bright of day
Than wallow in darkness too afraid to play!

Trust with life's changes your light caresses,
Dimmed only slightly by the passing of time:
The flash now more distant fills the still void.
Held in memories body, warmed by the glow,
A spark of true spirit - ignited in the true flame,
Is preserved for the re-kindling from crying pain.
My flame burning stronger I now carry your gift
Knowing others now bask in your full radiant lift!

THE VOICE OF INNOCENCE SPEAKS

Music ripped through my soul
Shaping my first unbounded joy;
Long will this moment live with me -
A sharing of passion, family, friendship.

Excited beyond excitement
A moment has to end, reality returns;
My last Instagram now meeting
A need for fatherly devotion.

Hanging, not wanting to leave,
A need to remain in the moment
Overcome with motherly experience
Leads to a first rush home.

A momentarily anger is subdued
As the fatigue of sustained joy
Drowns me in a new reality:
A post excitement lullaby.

The reality of that choice
Is anchored in my tears today
As I mourn the loss of innocence:
Enacted in evils carnage.

WHY?

With your innocence in my teardrops,
With your isolation in our shattered dreams,
With my vermilion cheeks of horror
My morning pain opens.

Covered in the colours of a dawn morning
Why was this reddened pain brought upon us?

Your broken strings are never to laugh again,
Your soul harmonies will not return to joy,
With sorrows deepening thirst unquenchable
Your calm carefree voice returns.

Togethernesses caresses with each small sip
Rekindling me again and again with your love.

IF

A foolish poet will always try to see
What the world has possibilities to be;
With the reality of cautious seeing eyes
The different realities rarely give surprise.
In finding words that bring truth to pain
Ripped apart there may always be a gain.

If we can find the ways to carefully speak
 In ways that cherish and respect the weak.
If we can humbly find humane ways to act
 When faced with evil's hand and not react.
If we can touch another and call them friend
 Though different ways may shape and bend.
If we can talk with love to those we hate
 Walking with care through a neighbour's gate.
If we can find time to visit with the needy
 And just for a moment become less greedy.
If we can try harder to sit in another's shoes
 Carefully knowing that they are here to bruise.

If our core humanity, shaped in rooted beliefs,
 Can move beyond and help us build some relief.
If our politicians remember who they serve
 And in challenging times hold onto their nerve.
If those with the most could share a little more
 To ease the burden and build a stronger core.
If companies eagerness to reduce their costs
 Could be balanced more and see what is lost.
If the true religious spirit can raise and renew
 Finding ways to support and transform the few.
If science can stop pretending to be truth
 Opening a way for others to be under its roof.
If poets and philosophers could find a new way
 Reaching back for the wisdom needed today.

When all said and done, we are the ones,
Who choose our own path, life is our graph,
No-one can stop, the growth to the top.
For our humane acts, which always attract
The best and worst, new dogmas to burst,
Is our gift to the world, explored and unfurled.

We are the ones who choose how we speak
So act and speak differently this and all weeks.

FREE AT LAST

To find freedom is a goal
That has imprisoned many.
Never has a word so simple
Inspired such misery and joy:
 In seeking you loose;
 In finding you are lost;
 In being you are at one.

“Using David's poetry to breathe and reflect-- makes an amazing difference in the day-to-day.”

Anne Mueller

Why I write

“.....because of the depth of your emotional involvement, you articulate excellently..... I still think there is a good argument that you made the right decision, which gave you the impetus to achieve what you did, ... I know that you will go onto write and you will know when it is the right time, learn to listen and be patient: you will know when the time comes. Trust yourself. Focus for now on those you love most.”

Prof. Douglas J. Griffin (The man who's care helped me find my voice, by focussing on where meaning lies, and be attentive to those I love most.)

“Words; so powerful and dangerous. Maybe more what is heard than said. A bit provoking for me who is not very sensitive about what words I use to express what I think.”

Kicki Johansson.

“Your poems still make me feel something that no other words can even approach.”

Ally Evans

“I applaud your beautiful verse. Counting myself blessed for being included as a friend; For having the opportunity to read your words and literally feel their significance. I hope you always view life from a creative angle.”

Anna Pron-Zwick

“Work fades away while reading your poem and this nice feeling of what is really important in life becomes very clear.”

Maria Lindgren

“so great to see your powerful words, just going to a farewell of one of my colleagues and this is really reflecting how I feel about him”

Ute Alfes

“Sometimes a poem makes more sense than any conversation or book you read:-) That one did”

Anita Sele Kittelsen

SPEAK OF LOVE: CONTINUING

“We move towards love knowing we are lost: in stumbling on together we find someone new everyday. In accepting your love a deep and lasting friendship is persevered eternally in our discovery and on-going re-discoveries.”

ESSAY X - OF LOVE

“... and therefore it is well said “that it is impossible to love and to be wise.’ As for the other losses, the poet’s relation doth well figure them: ‘That he that preferred Helena, quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas’; for whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection, quitteeth both riches and wisdom..... They do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business, it troubleth men’s fortunes, it maketh men that that they can no ways be true to their own ends.”

Francis Bacon (1561 - 1625)

Bacon: The Essays of Bacon (1900).

Arthur L. Humphreys: London.

SPEAK OF LOVE: CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS

**THE FOOL - THE LOVE FOR LIFE FINDING A
VOICE: LIFE THROUGH THE MUSING OF THE
SCIENTIST POET**

Part 4

By

DAVID SCANLON

THE FOOLISH POET PRESS

VOLUME 4 : THE FOOL

DEDICATION	<u>179</u>
THE FOOL & LOVE IS FED BY IMAGINATION	<u>180</u>

POEMS

ROSE SEEKERS	<u>182</u>
AWAITING DREAMERS	<u>183</u>
LOVE EVER PRESENT	<u>184</u>
WORDS OF LOVE	<u>185</u>
SILENCING INNOCENCE	<u>186</u>
YOU ALWAYS CONTRIBUTE	<u>188</u>
WALKING AGAIN	<u>189</u>
FRIENDSHIP IS WHAT FRIENDSHIP BECOMES	<u>190</u>
PEACE RELEASED	<u>191</u>
SHE JUST GOES ON	<u>192</u>
UNFORCED LOVE & KINDNESS	<u>193</u>
LIFE HEALED	<u>194</u>
FRIENDSHIP LINGERS	<u>195</u>
SERVICE: ENCAPSULATED LOVE	<u>196</u>
RESPECTFUL FRIENDSHIP: ETERNAL VALUE	<u>197</u>
STOP BEING WHAT YOU ARE NOT	<u>198</u>
SMILING FACES	<u>200</u>
THE LAST WORDS OF LOVE	<u>201</u>
FEELING FREE: CHOOSING OUR LIVES YOU & I	<u>203</u>
YOU MAKE ME	<u>204</u>
FIND THE ONE	<u>205</u>



FOR CLARE FRETTSOME

WHO SHAPED MY SANITY AND
ALMOST KEPT ME SENSIBLE:
WITHOUT HER FRIENDSHIP, LOVE
AND SUPPORT OUR HAPPINESS
WOULD NOT BE QUITE SO FULL.

THANK YOU FOR ACCEPTING
“THE FOOLISH POET”
“THE PASSIONATE SCIENTIST”
“THE USELESS HUSBAND”
“THE ADORING FATHER”
&
“THE LOVING FRIEND”

EVERYTHING I AM IS BECAUSE OF
YOUR AMAZING LOVE & CARE;
WITHOUT YOU I AM NOTHING.

**“THE FOOL DOTH THINK HE IS WISE, BUT THE WISE MAN
KNOWS HIMSELF TO BE A FOOL”**

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616)

**AS YOU LIKE IT
ACT V. SCENE I.**

**LOVE IS FED BY THE IMAGINATION, BY WHICH WE BECOME
WISER THAN WE KNOW, BETTER THAN WE FEEL, NOBLER
THAN WE ARE: BY WHICH WE CAN SEE LIFE AS A WHOLE: BY
WHICH, AND BY WHICH ALONE, WE CAN UNDERSTAND
OTHERS IN THEIR IDEAL RELATIONS. ONLY WHAT IS FINE,
AND FINELY CONCEIVED, CAN FEED LOVE. BUT ANYTHING
WILL FEED HATE.**

OSCAR WILDE (1854 - 1900)

(1913) DE PROFUNDUS.

METHUEN & CO: LONDON.

(PROJECT GUTENBERG [eBOOK #921])

THE FOOL

AMOR EST VITAE ESSENTIA (Love is the essence of Life)

“Men have often had the luxury of time and limited responsibilities, which have enabled them to find time to play, create and build: women have until recently not had this privilege, which in a loving relationships is ‘just about’ OK. Life is changing and all will need to learn to adapt.”

Amor est vitae essentia

“Seeing the world of things as things are and feeling true feelings in conversations allows her voice to enter; her voice of love is eternal and now present.”

David Scanlon: Lives in Cheshire with his family and friends. He proudly works for ArisGlobal, previously AstraZeneca, and has devoted his working life to discovering and delivering medicines to patients in

need of new treatments. In his day-to-day activities he finds inspiration to write poetry. This fourth phase is written for the love of my life who shares all the many poetic moments: dealing with good and bad alike.

ROSE SEEKERS

True spirits of the word made from flesh
Draw Rose seekers to the world they knew.
Abandoned to the lonely inward road some
Find the woods adorned with thickets, where
Once blossoms adorned the rambling spire.
Continuing the journey with friends, joined
In a conversation always light and moving
With signs and symbols waiting to shape
The emerging path with rebounding turns,
Words spring forward in Summers embrace.

Waiting together for the passing of new time,
The benevolent patience she once spoke of,
Lends the place a weight of eager passage.
Passing on again to the familiar green hill,
Beyond the pit, where all that is unknown lies,
A brief sunbeam gleams shaping new light.
Speaking of the everyday needs I wonder,
In wonder and awe, do others see the vision?
The musical words come to speak out but
Are consumed in an everyday desire for petals.

In love beyond our time I revisited the spot.
It was never the same with yet familiar places.
Reaching beyond the words that speak of love,
Finding a place where harmony and pain meet:
Lives a place inhabited by the smiles of friendship;
A place where the patience of time breaths fully;
Where conversation flows with honeyed tones.
In that place her words are born in those who see.
Finding the Rose amongst the thorns, rich in scent,
At last full meaning, found in her majestic innocence.



AWAITING DREAMERS

Trust is a spoken dream,
Awoken in our passing,
Disguised in the making:
Alive briefly for all to see
As in the flowers first voice.

The second verse sings
Through remembered words
As memory and place meet:
A new awakening, familiar,
As the blossom changes.

Distanced from the reality,
Noisily moving inwards,
The movement becomes
A stepping away from her
Towards a fading dream.

In the seeing of her beauty
The scent of time leaves joy.
In the trust of her truth
The reality of things lives
Patiently awaiting dreamers.



LOVE EVER PRESENT

Without you speaking with words of love
There remained a hidden world within me:
A darkened room anchored in the past
Filled with enchanting enticing voices.
Each voice speaks of a different way,
A confusion of words without meaning
Wrapped in a sensible rationality yet,
Devoid of providing a route to our heart.

Releasing with passion the words of love
Opens up the world of the ever present:
Moving beyond our living everyday needs,
Words of making and living and family,
Appears to be an escape, another place
Of limited value for the practical-minded
Wrapped in a mystery and beyond-ness -
Required meditation, needed remediation.

Your wisdom comes with words of love
Reminding me forever why we remain one:
Within our truest selves we will find within
That once darkened rooms were light-filled -
Possessed with freshness of the now new
Those simple images, an opening of hearts,
Wrap us up into a common warm home -
The place we were seeking, always present.



WORDS OF LOVE

A life fully lived, in the fullness of time,
Speaks beyond the places of making;
Reaching beyond the everyday work
Brings alive the marriage of our words.

Within our bonded union, beyond self,
Lies the mysterious places of our making;
Flowing with a defining pace is her time,
Which is forever moving in our words.

Finding the time to engage with her music
Allows the way to eternity in the present;
Where the worst and best of us fight is
A coming together in living, spoken words.



SILENCING INNOCENCE

Innocence destroyed her honour restored.
Through the harm perpetrated by that man
Groomed words, capture a moment frozen.

From the joy of friendship, a youthful delusion,
To the easing of that momentarily uncertainty,
Came a movement homeward, a shared space.

A fellow traveller befriends a silent fear knowing
Where the journey may end, hiding known intent
Shaped from a darkened place still hidden.

The traveling memory now dulled, yet clear,
Was filled with thankfulness and pleasure:
Hope from warmth returned for the wayward.

A space amongst the dark Mills was the place
Where the moment came in that hold and lunge,
Joined forever with an aroma of beer and fear.

Words of coaxing - fear gripping, time sharpened
The briefest recognition of the impending desire
Beyond what was known to the sweet innocent boy.

Power raged from all hearts as an assault to harm,
Youth wanting to preserve the truth of so many,
Deny the victim status, the pure right of the pained.

Escaping the clutches, from the released shame,
Breath is taken away along with burning lungs:
Legs pumping racing to find innocence again.

Running into a new kindness, in official blue.
The silence started and held - now released, safe:
A carriage home to a different hidden reality.

Confronted again the moment haunts, what
Could have been, in that Satanic moment in time:
A loathing life scarred beyond redemptive healing.

Shame from the harmful place, self-created,
Leaves an anchor and sail fighting for movement:
Within, time healing the ugly truth of man-kind.

Secrets and lies, where untold moments shape
The place within, from which a strength grows
Silently, patiently, through self-truths kind peace.

Innocence destroyed but her honour restored
Through a flowing determination to stand-up
For her silent innocence, she needs protection.



YOU ALWAYS CONTRIBUTE

You always contribute, it is deep within you:
Never far from the surface fires burn passion
Which drive your appetite for a humane life.

Without burning within and calmness without
Humanity has the ability to harm others with foolishness
But true friendship forgives for a deeper life.

Sharing experiences, in the making of things,
Leaves a lasting shape in the heart of the caring;
It drives within the appetite for a humane love.



WALKING AGAIN

Today I learned to walk again:
Within the gentle garden rains
A new embrace took firm hold
Showing me a new path to walk.

Today I learned to walk again:
Familiar but different ways spoke
Of the passion and bonded joys,
A path shared in radiant light.

Today I learned to walk again:
Faces and voices again laughing
Reaching beyond wired prisons,
Sharing a new path to success.



FRIENDSHIP IS WHAT FRIENDSHIP BECOMES

Friendship is what friendship becomes:
When the days lengthen and time shortens
The mysteries of our moments spent
Echo in the shadow's of every day.

Friendship is what friendship becomes:
Holding on to garlanded togetherness
Anchors us in fleeting reveries joy,
Opening in the lightness of every day.

Friendship is what friendship becomes:
Within the furnace of everyday conversations
A moments choice reveals a new truth,
Defined in the full meaning of every day.



PEACE RELEASED

Our smiling faces, in many places
They find the way, where we can stay:
We grab and hold
Our stories told.
For in our care, we face and dare,
To seek and hold, what we are told,
In hope and love,
We rise above.
For all the while, within our smile,
Is a found love, not hidden above.
Our ease and play
Helps find our way
To be at one and then become
Together in peace; our joy released.



SHE JUST GOES ON

Your patience and style has depth;
Seeking beyond the place of noise,
Finding the hidden and silent space
Where humanity often fear to tread,
Opens endless clarity and brightness.

Your words speak of honour and pride;
Found in the dark furnaces of work,
Within the simple everyday challenges
Between the chit-chat of noisy gossip,
Lie those who inspire: she just goes on.



UNFORCED LOVE & KINDNESS

Kindness comes from within our soul,
It cannot be forced – as rain comes
So our relationships with everything
Dictate how we go on in the world –
In those who have never experienced
A true kindness, with no other needs
But the will of one thing in each other:
Forgive, they know not what they do.

Love comes from within our heart,
It cannot be faked – as sunshine comes
So our relationships with everything
Dictate how we go on in the world –
For to experience love is to experience
A transcendent joy, of shared making;
It is the will of one thing in each other:
Share it, they will know then what to do.



LIFE HEALED

I turned, in that moment I saw you
Like a ghost of a past life coming.

The place in our hearts sealed,
Joined in a moment one Friday,
Re-connected in our passing time.

The briefest of worlds collided
Speaking of something holding on,
In a world in which parting ties.

I turned, in that moment I saw you
Like a joy of a future life healed.



FRIENDSHIP LINGERS

Friendship lingers beyond time
With modernity the echoes live on:
Will records ever capture the truth
When what exists is digital rendering
Of the mainly banal conversations?
Obliteration of the profound words
Leaving a vacuum, rarely filled.

Friendship lingers beyond time
In words she echoes through seers:
Her truth is eternally present here
In things as things are always seen
Captured in every-day conversations:
Observations in her profound words
Fills the vacuum: love released.



SERVICE: ENCAPSULATED LOVE

Service beyond our self-love requires desire
To love beyond ones-self in truth with others:
It is not shaped in the ego driven needs to seek
Nor in the emancipation of our early harms
But in the encapsulated reward of meaning.

In the mutual moving of our daily goings-on
The over-flowing joys of life can be found
Amongst the every-day noise of our making.
Should we, in the light of days glory, see things
Which inspire the best of our human-hood
Then speak of what you see: praise life's joy.

Make, in your service to others, the reward
Speak of a truth that cannot ever be denied.
Let the togetherness of the daily movement
Speak of a slowed down space of peaceful
Restlessness, where the mission becomes
A timeless desire to fill the world with love.



RESPECTFUL FRIENDSHIP: ETERNAL VALUE

With all the world seeking to find value
Where is the right place to search? For
The elusiveness of happiness is tamed
Not by the very things that help us live
But in the noticing of our shared soul.

In the place of our soul we have wisdom:
Those that have travelled the path and,
In the time permitted have found words
To nourish the other seekers of today;
Leaving hope that one day newness,
When it dawns, will be seen by the many.

Wrapped in the seekers there is a freedom,
Where, in echoes of majestic eternal words,
Is located a friendship beyond times limit:
That lonely road which never seeks an end
Is the past and future: alive in the now and
Speaking of friendship in our movement.

With our words we create our lives,
With our respect for the wise of all ages
We honour the lives we are living today:
A world without the eternal music of love
Is a place where her value is hard to find.



STOP BEING WHAT YOU ARE NOT

Living within the moment,
Seeing beyond human fear,
Where: the thing is the thing;
Joy is seeing you as who you are;
Meaning is being and angst.

Searching within and without
But not wanting anything: for,
To be is already enough living;
Desire gives harm and gift;
With the present being what exists.

Oh, to see a tree as a tree sees
Or be the river as the river flows
Or to exist as the sun's light shines,
That must be a way to be:
Trees and rivers and the sun
Are within the movement of days
And do not wish to be a cloud.
They are never what they are not.

Hunan-kinds kindness hides
When the world of man speaks.
For, speaking requires we hear -
Conversation is between the living
And living fires the worst and best.

Our bodily response is our fear -
As the tree consumes water so
People consume them-selves,
Rarely finding the keys to unlock
Existence like the tree, river of sun.

In Finding the silence in the noise -
Where the tranquillity allows vision,
Which, looks within the present
And finds the truth of reality -
We are prepared, us, to exist whole
And find the timelessness within.
Then we can exist within movement
And stop being what we are not.



SMILING FACES

Smiling faces embraced my heart;
With simple questions deepening
The moment to unexpected places -
Trust beyond hope touched us.

The welcoming friendship spoke of
A togetherness transcending us:
With boundaries of time and faces
Melting into the smallest meeting
A newness entered our delayed start.

With our places and faces renewed
A joy and wonder found a new home
For the visitor who rushes around:
Smiling faces embracing my heart.



THE LAST WORDS OF LOVE

Silence is what some may seek
But for others it makes the meek,
When power is what drives the day
Beyond this place there is a way!
Yet in looking for the truth at home
There are times when we will bemoan
The world beyond with all the tricks
Which disguises all, built in our bricks,
Ones which both hold and make free
A silence which lies deep within me.

Learning to fully live and be at one
Was never going to be much fun:
The tricks and turns of every voice
Found disguises in every choice.
Every way that opened new doors
Man-holes ahead within the floors.
It required another to join the way,
Her voice was never that far away.
Once heard in all her loving tones
There was no road and no stones:
In the movement of the every day
She helped me see and here to stay.

I no longer runaway and seek
For those are the ways of the meek,
With all her power I've found a way
To live in this place every single day!
In finding her truth, always here,
I am no longer driven by his fear.
Within the world of love I now exist;
The bricks and tricks, why resist?
Freedom comes with her clear care
And with her strength I now dare.

Being at one with this living fun,
Love found in the words of Donne,
Is to go far beyond love's choice,
A making and becoming - Rejoice!
Words of those before us stores
A love of just being here: it's yours!
Without other desires in the way.
We have found the one true ray -
Oneness in love is in our bones
Surviving all the sticks and stones -
Everything was always at one
Beyond the time of those who run.



FEELING FREE: CHOOSING OUR LIVES, YOU & I

We choose our lives, you and I,
Emerging as from the unknown.

Yet functioning in our special world

Requires a movement fully towards something

Which, emerging from all the past patterns,

Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

Choosing our patterns, you and I,
Requires a trust in a movement true.

Yet continuing within our special world

Requires belief in a selfhood shaped by something

Which, emerging from all the patterns of others

Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

I love our choices, you and I,
Present in the shape our working takes.

Yet making known and unknown free in our special world

Requires the patience to be shaped by something.

Which, emerging from all that has ever been

Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.



YOU MAKE ME

Without you I am small,
Imperfect in form and function;
Ill defined in desire
You make me who I am.

To suffer in compulsion
Without an end in you
Is to make nothing.
To create, you are who I am.

You have given me all
That makes a man of me.
Together we are whole;
You give meaning to who I am.



FIND THE ONE

Somewhere on life's journey you find the one
Who captures your heart;

Transcendent beyond the life you found in one
The rapture begins.



APPENDIX

“All movements, except directly revolutionary ones, are headed, not by those who originate them, but by those who know best how to compromise between the old opinions and the new.”

J.S. Mills (1859) Bentham. London and Westminster Review, Aug. 1838, revised in 1859 in Dissertations and Discussion, vol. 1.

CREATIVITY

“It is a character trait which he shared with large number of great scientists. Ernst Jones remarked in an essay about Freud that creative genius seems to be a mixture of scepticism and naïveté: scepticism regarding the dogmas implied in traditional modes of thought, combined with the willingness of a wide-open mind to consider far-fetched theories.”

A. Koestler (1964) *The Act of Creation*. Pan Books Ltd: London
(Pages 139)

TRUTH IN ART

“Truth in Art is the unity of a thing with itself: the outward rendered expressive of the inward: the soul made incarnate: the body instinct with spirit. For this reason there is no truth comparable to Sorrow. There are times when Sorrow seems to me to be the only truth.”

O. Wilde (1913) *De Profundis*. Methuen & Co: London.
(PROJECT GUTENBERG [eBook #921])

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PERMISSIONS PROCESS

A description of the permissions process, taken in respect of the copyrights of ‘friends.’

“To Quote or not to quote that is the question for Creative Writers”

SUMMARY OF THE POSITION TAKEN WITH REGARDS PERMISSIONS

“Lawful behaviour is a lot more time consuming than reckless disregard.”

The publisher takes the view that to fully respect the writers which the author holds in great esteem (calling them ‘friends’) permissions must always be sought. Given the legal position described below the principles used were:

- *For Complete Poems*: permission will be sought from rights owners if the poem is still in copyright. Any fee requested will be paid as an individual poem is a complete expression of a creative act.
- *For Quotes or incomplete poems (used as Epigraphs)*: permission will be sought from rights owners if quotes are still in copyright. As the quotes (or incomplete poems) are an intrinsic part of the new creative act, with the law suggesting an expectation of “Fair Use” or “Fair Dealing” or “Free Use”, then permission, if granted, should also be with no charge. In literature, an epigraph is a phrase, quotation, or poem that is set at the beginning of a document or component. The epigraph may serve as a preface, as a summary, as a counter-example, or to link the work to a wider literary canon, either to invite comparison or to enlist a conventional context.
- *Where Copyright has expired*: permission was not sought for ancient text, for authors who passed away greater than 70 years ago, or where explicit statements of copyright expiration were made upon enquiry. This complies with most accepted view of copyright protection. In respect for writers all works are still cited fully with statement explaining reason for not seeking permission.

Work is in the public domain in its country of origin and other countries and areas where the copyright term is the author's life plus 70 years or less. Note that a few countries have copyright terms longer than 70 years: Mexico has 100 years, Jamaica has 95 years, Colombia has 80 years, and Guatemala and Samoa have 75 years. Quotes may not be in the public domain in these countries, which moreover do not implement the rule of the shorter term. Côte d'Ivoire has a general copyright term of 99 years and Honduras has 75 years, but they do implement the rule of the shorter term. Copyright may extend on works created by French who died for France in World War II, Russians who served in the Eastern Front of World War II (known as the Great Patriotic War in Russia) and posthumously rehabilitated victims of Soviet repressions, none of above apply in any quotes in this collection.

Any errors noticed in permission, or any assignment of Creative Commons - Public Domain Mark 1.0 ([Creative Commons - Public Domain Mark 1.0 \(2018\)](#)), or any rights infringed have not been done wilfully. Every effort, taking over six months, has been made to contact the rights owners for permissions. The author would like to thank all those responsible for the 'permissions' process for their generous and kind support in what was a challenging undertaking.

DETAILED BACKGROUND TO THE PERMISSIONS POSITION TAKEN

“The law is one thing to consider, personal morals and ethics is far more important”

After fully reviewing legal and publishing requirements ([Berne Convention \(1886\)](#), [Cambridge University Press \(2018\)](#), [Faber & Faber \(2018\)](#), [Friedlander \(2010\)](#), [Friedman \(2017\)](#), [Government of India \(1958\)](#), [\(2018\)](#), [Intellectual Property Office \(1988\)](#), [\(2014\)](#), [\(2017\)](#), [Poetry Foundation \(2018\)](#), [Princeton University Press \(2018\)](#), [RK Dewan & Co. \(2014\)](#), [Sedwick \(2016\)](#), [The Society of Authors \(2018\)](#), [Writer's Relief \(2014\)](#), [U.S. Copyright Office \(2018\)](#)), with focus on permissions for the use of poems and short quotes, the guidance in Law is very unclear, particularly with regards the common practice in poetry of epigraphs ([Aufderheide et al. \(2011\)](#)). It is common for poets to collect their intimate sources of inspiration, quotes and ideas, which have touched or transformed them, so shaping their poetry ([Sitwell \(1950\)](#)). Those quotes or ideas that are truly transformative for a poet are then often used as epigraphs. Epigraphs use in poetry is a

tradition dating back millennia; a common device used by poets at the start of chapters or sections of work to accentuate the themes of the poetry in that section. Epigraphs are used by the author of this creative act for this purpose.

For the use of complete poems the publishers interpretation is very clear; permissions must always be sought and fees paid appropriately to rights owners, should a fee be requested.

It is this publishers assertion that the use of quotes, even as epigraphs, however falls in areas known as “Fair Use” or “Fair Dealing” or “Free Use.” The law in this area is very unclear, particularly for short quotes and incomplete poems when used as epigraphs. Guidance between publishers vary on epigraphs from free use to explicit permissions required.

The publisher is drawing on principle 5 of the [Code of Best Practices in Fair Use for Poetry. Aufderheide et al \(2011\)](#) with regards epigraphs and short quotes, which states:

PRINCIPLE: Under fair use, an author may use brief quotations of poetry to introduce chapters and sections of a prose work or long poem, so long as there is an articulable relationship between the quotation and the content of the section in question.

LIMITATIONS: Quoted passages should be reproduced as accurately as possible to reflect the poet’s underlying creative choices, except to the extent that modification is specifically justified by the purpose of the use. Authors should provide conventional attribution to sources unless the original is readily recognizable by the intended audience or the absence of proper attribution is justified by the purpose of the use. An author employing multiple epigraphs should draw from multiple sources unless there is specific justification for limiting quotations to one or a few sources.

Respect for the copyright is one absolute need and ‘moral right’, which has to be balanced against the need to create new culture through the creative arts. Rights are therefore protected by copyright law, in the jurisdictions impacted by this creative act, to ensure protection is in place for copyright owners (United Kingdom, United States of America, India, and Rest of World - [Berne Convention \(1886\)](#)). As described by [Weil, S.](#)

(1971) any “moral right” must also be paired with “moral” duties or obligations placed upon individuals. Rights cannot be universal without understanding intention of those exercising appropriate obligations to the rights. The ‘moral’ right “is the right to claim authorship of the work and the right to object to any mutilation, deformation or other modification of, or other derogatory action in relation to, the work that would be prejudicial to the author's honor or reputation” [Summary of the Berne Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works](#) (1886) balanced against an obligation to review all uses in context of legal frameworks. The writer of a new creative act has a right to freedom of speech and an obligation to respect other peoples copyrights.

In the rights owners review of all permission requests “Fair Use” or “Fair Dealing” or “Free Use” must be considered in the context of the new creative act, to ensure that freedom of speech or creative expression is not inhibited. Jurisdictions have evolved legal enhancements (Fair Use - United Kingdom, United States of America) or legal precedent (Fair Dealing - India) or exceptions (“Free uses” - [Berne Convention \(1886\)](#)) to ensure that other rights, those of new writers, are not suppressed. “Fair Use” or “Fair Dealing” or “Free Use” frameworks are not straightforward decisions and in many situations cases may be interpreted differently in different jurisdictions, often requiring balanced judgements in court.

The United Kingdom has lead the way in clarifying the rights for use of short quotations in writing “*Copyright law has changed to give people greater freedom to quote the works of others. You will not need to seek the permission of the copyright owner as long as the quotation is accompanied by a sufficient acknowledgement – which generally means the title and the author’s name should be indicated, and as long as the use is considered reasonable and fair (“fair dealing”)*” [Intellectual Property Office \(2014\) Exceptions to copyright: Guidance for creators and copyright owners](#). (Page 7).

It is particularly challenging when coming to the use of short quotes, as already stated, the primary use in this creative act. The judgement on quotes seems to be the whim of publishers / agents and is based upon each publishers / agents own guidelines, which do not conform to consistent and balanced methodology. The individual decision of rights owners depends on many things including, the length of the excerpt, the value of that

excerpt, or even the popularity of the author. There is no standard or rational in making each decision.

It is this publishers assertion that the use of quotes in this creative act complies fully with international concepts of “Fair Use” or “Fair Dealing” or “Free Use.” The usage of quotes meets the Berne three-step test namely *“It shall be a matter for legislation in the countries of the Union to permit the reproduction of such works in certain special cases, provided that such reproduction does not conflict with a normal exploitation of the work and does not unreasonably prejudice the legitimate interests of the author.”* It also meets the United Kingdom test: how would a fair-minded and honest person have dealt with the work? Finally the assessment meets the requirements of the United States of America by consciously stating facts up-front: Courts evaluate fair use claims on a case-by-case basis, and the outcome of any given case depends on a fact-specific inquiry.

The term “fair dealing” has not been defined anywhere in the [Indian Copyright Act \(1957\)](#). However, the concept of 'fair dealing' has been discussed in different judgments, including the decision of the Supreme Court of India in *Academy of General Education v. B. Malini Mallya* (2009) and the decision of the High Court of Kerala in *Civic Chandran v. Ammini Amma*.^[22] *Civic Chandran and Ors. v. C. Ammini Amma and Ors.* is a 1996 Kerala High Court judgement that deals with the concept of fair dealing in India.

Aligned with the principle of the [Code of Best Practices in Fair Use for Poetry](#). (2011) and ‘moral’ rights the author has gone beyond the guidance and Law. Rather than expect ‘Fair Use’, ‘Fair Dealing’ or ‘Free Use’ the author has taken a ‘moral’ position and sought appropriate permissions from the rights owners. The additional step was taken based upon the following rational. The author calls the amazing writers ‘friends’ and would not steal from friends. So, ignoring the Law, the right thing to do is seek permission.

As with any conversation between friends the expected outcomes were: mutual respect around the rights/obligation of author with regards the intention of the new creative act, in which the quotes play a crucial role in the theme of ‘conversations’ (see *Conversations in Poetry* (page 70); shared acts of kindness and generosity coming from respectful conversations; full respect of any decision made after healthy debate and discussion. The publisher is delighted to say that these were the outcomes from amazing conversations

through the permissions process, which on the whole was consistent. All rights owners, except two, choose to provide permissions with no charge so long as the rights owners were respectfully cited and sales did not go beyond a defined level.

In two cases, when the rights owners choose to levy a fee and were not willing to take into consideration the likely commercial value or offers of later payment should the book be successful, the author took the general advice to avoid uncertainty in law which is to ‘write your own words.’ To ensure that the full respect for ‘friends’ is upheld the citation to the source is still included. Others on the world wide web do not respect the rights of authors, making the quotes freely available. Making a link to the available information seems a reasonable and respectful response, so interested readers may read relevant passages (provided by [Google Books](#)). Some rights owners did not respond within a timely period, an expected obligation, and quotes were removed to ensure the publication could progress within a reasonable timescale.

SUMMARY OF WHY THE USE OF QUOTES IN THE CREATIVE ACT IS FAIR

“You say fair but I say that is not enough: friends need more care than that.”

The creative act called the “Poetry For Business; Continuing Conversations” meets four of the criteria laid out in Law for “Fair Use” or “Fair Dealing” or “Free Use” namely:

- The Creative Act is “Transforming” the original works and is being used in a different context.
- The Creative Act is serving a different purpose as the whole book is seen as the creative act, in which the quotes play a secondary role in support of the overall meaning. (See later section WHY & HOW QUOTES PLAY A ‘TRANSFORMATIVE’ PART IN CREATIVE ACT)
- The Creative Act is deeply respectful of the original works and accepts the copyright owners played a critical part in the intuitive “Transforming” act of the poet in creating the poems - which should rightly be acknowledged i.e. the amount of the work taken is reasonable and appropriate? (See later section WHY & HOW QUOTES PLAY A ‘TRANSFORMATIVE’ PART IN CREATIVE ACT)

- The author has requested permission out of respect, common courtesy, and a moral position.

In addition the commercial intention for the book called “Poetry For Business; Continuing Conversations” meets two further criteria laid out in Law for “Fair Use” or “Fair Dealing” or “Free Use” namely:

- The Publishers aim is not to make commercial gain, it is the intention to be supportive of charitable activity in the promotion of poetry. A principle agreed upfront with all authors.
- The Publishers aim is explicitly to respect copyright and promote other authors in a way that may encourage further sales and revenue for owners.
- The Publisher has agreed with rights owners that should the creative act become successful further discussions on fees will be taken.

Finally the permissions seeking intention for the book and sufficient acknowledgement in the book called “Poetry For Business; Continuing Conversations” meets two further criteria laid out in Law for “Fair Use” or “Fair Dealing” or “Free Use” namely:

- The Publishers aim has been to seek permissions with respectful care and attention to the copyrights of authors cited.
- The Publisher has provided sufficient acknowledgement – which generally means the title and the author’s name should be indicated. The author has gone over and above this and updated open source information ([Open Library - Foolish Poets Books](#)) to explicitly state version and where it can be currently purchased.

WHY & HOW QUOTES PLAY A ‘TRANSFORMATIVE’ PART IN CREATIVE ACT

“Elusiveness is essential in poetry, it allows the reader to find their own meaning.”

The only area of the [Code of Best Practices in Fair Use for Poetry](#). (2011) which is partially covered in the published book is a demonstration of “an articulable relationship between the quotation and the content of the section in question.” Below explains the creative act and the use of quotes. The relationship between the poems and the specific quotes is

kept elusive (i.e. not directly stated in text below) but the author has written up the relationships and importance of positioning the quotes, which are available if required at a later date. Also, since permissions have been granted the need to demonstrate “Fair Use” or “Fair Dealing” or “Free Use” is less onerous.

Describing the intention of the creative act and how the quotes used are intrinsic to the “transformation” undertaken in the creative act may be necessary for reasons of Law but go against a personal stance. The author has wanted to ‘allude’ to connections, ask the reader to reflect and connect for themselves, and not make overt the intentions. *“...poets .. succeed by never saying too much, by allowing the reader to supply half the effect and making him return in the confidence that each reading of a poem will always find something new in it.”* [Bowra \(1947\)](#). *Conversations in Poetry (70)* goes some way to explain the creative journey but may not be sufficient to explain, for legal reasons, as it was written with a different intention - a philosophy.

In thinking about the nature of poetry the primary aim is the creative act itself, the creation of poems from the intuitive senses of the poet. Evidence from many poets is that the “Muse” comes to the writer almost like a ‘spiritual’ and ‘other worldly’ event. In the fine tuning of the words the musical resonance finds a deeper meaning, which remains anchored in the inspirational event. The inspirational events for this author are the ongoing conversations. However, this collection takes this a step further and draws narrative threads through all conversations with all ‘friends’ over the time. In doing so the whole book becomes a narrative of change over time, depicted as a given year (2017), and interweaves the emotional seasons of life. This intention was designed to show learning over time. Work always occurs over time and since the main theme is daily work the whole book mirrors the collective workings of organisations over time, where many positive and frustrating conversations lead to productive outcomes e.g. patients treated with new medicines.

Understanding the value of poetry as capturing ‘Poetic Moments’ the author wrote to a friend “I cannot resolve the one thing that Pessoa struggled with (he published little in his name during his life time but is to me one of the greatest writers I have ever read) who is it for: my answer is the people who inspired my writing as a gift of friendship.” Friendship is

a recurring theme across many poems. “Poetic Moments” were also a theme during study in the work of John Shotter, a wonderful and delightful man (See [Shotter & Katz \(1999\)](#)) Those “Poetic Moments” are the “*echoes, and intercommunications which the poet obscurely captures in the universe of Being*” ([Maritain \(1977\)](#) - page 130). Poems exist for discovery by poets who ‘see,’ existing within the everyday conversations of life and work with friends: the poet is nothing other than the ‘seer’ in the creative act.

The author kept these ‘private moments’ created on the fly with friends, and for friends,, secret? Would it betray some type of ‘confidentiality’ if share beyond those in the creative moment? Poems were shared each year at Christmas, as a way of saying thank you and staying in touch with friends but in no other way published.

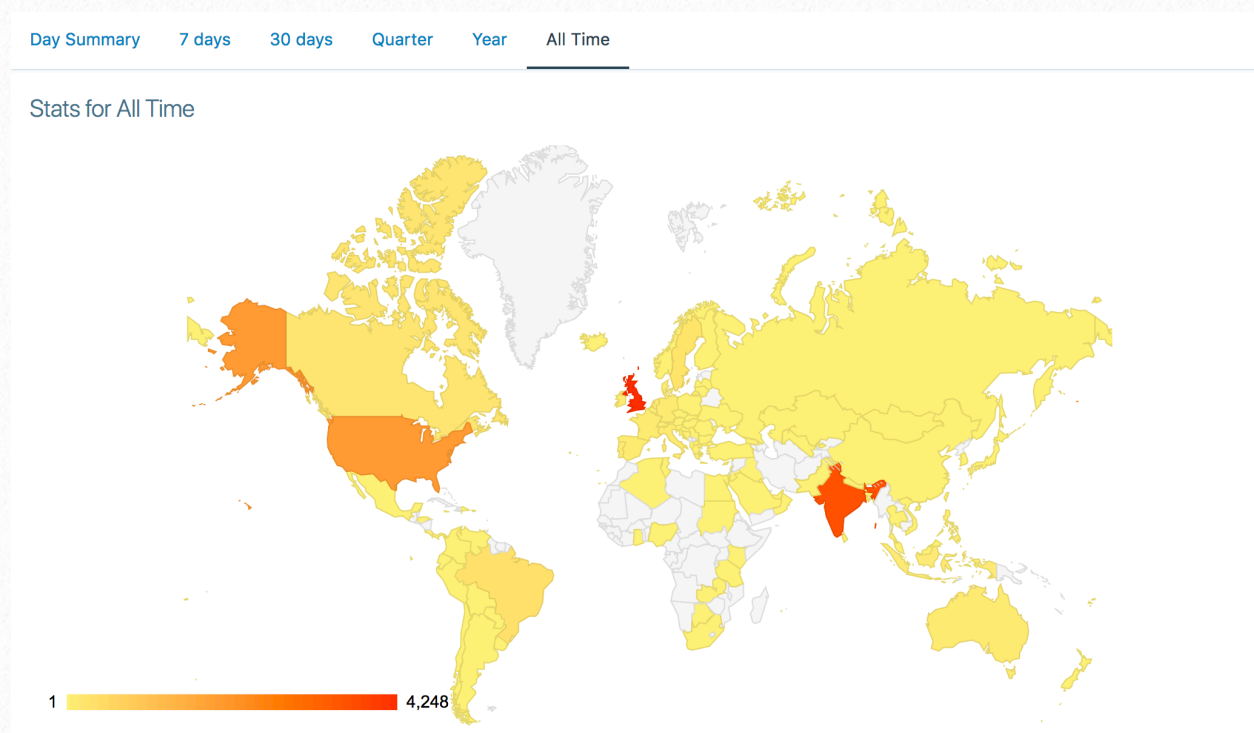
The answer to the puzzle of confidentiality came from Fernando Pessoa, to create a pseudonym as he had done. “The Foolish Poet” was created as was a website www.foolishpoet.com and much later a publishing company “The Foolish Poet Press”. [William Shakespeare \(1564–1616\)](#) stated a similar idea which was alluded to in the name, “*The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool*” (As You Like It, V. i.).

Not only did this decision meet with the Pessoa’s advise but it was also aligned strongly with [Philip Larkin’s](#) private insistence “*more and more I feel [the poet] should wander unnoticed through life, colourless and unremarkable, wearing ordinary clothes, smoking a common brand of cigarette, hair parted on left, queueing for cheap seats*” quoted by [Andrew Motion](#) (1993) in ‘[Philip Larkin - A Writers Life](#)’ (page 130). The constant drive of ego in work was now balanced by travelling unnoticed in a private world of poetry shared in the spirit of friendship.

In honour of Pessoa’s influence the first poem released on 6th Dec 2009 was “The Startling Reality of Things” (Now protected but with a new translation now available “[The Amazing Reality of Things](#)” in [D.J Scanlon \(2018\)](#)) which the author found in Pessoa’s house in Lisbon: a profound day when the poet was fully revealed in conversation with Pessoa.

In focussing on conversation there are two main types of “quotes” that are deliberately used in the creative act “Poetry For Business; Continuing Conversations.” The first quotes are from conversations as normally understood. These quotes come from the two sources: from friends kind enough to say nice things about how the poems captured the “poetic moments” after reading them in e-mail when shared

(conversations or events with particular people which the poems describe) - the first and second voice of Poetry (*T.S. Eliot (1953)*); from friends and new readers kind enough to say nice things about how the



poems captured something ‘universal’ for them beyond the initial “poetic moment” - the third voice of Poetry (*T.S. Eliot (1953)*). These readers are from over 100 countries (111 in total - data taken from website statistics tool as of 25th Jan 2018) who have read a poem on www.foolishpoet.com since first launched in 2009 (See image above - readers from all continents with main readers reflecting main areas of work: India, United Kingdom, United States of America, Sweden - 2014-18).

When the author started writing he had no idea where a poem might end up: the primary intention has always been to provide access to friends, who often asked “where can I find your poems?”

The poets only real aim is to write poems which hold a meaning based upon inspiration, which often comes as a first line ‘as though from another voice.’ If the form and function meet the needs of the poet’s aesthetic the poet knows a poem is complete, as it has taken the right form to express it’s truth (function), but only in a response is the true meaning made. To complete the meaning making the poet always shares the poem with the people

in the conversations which inspired the poem. The you and the I and the in-between of meaning making is a single act ([Mead \(1932\)](#)).

The poet does not think about who else may make meaning from the poems beyond the creation, as the meaning has been made. Any further response will create a new meaning, which may then make the poem of 'universal' value leading to different conversations.

The second type of quotes used in "Poetry For Business; Continuing Conversations" are from conversations between the author and copyright owners (called friends too) in the reading act, where further inspiration and encouragement was found ([Sitwell \(1950\)](#)): another type of conversation between self and writer in the creation of new meaning.

The books, authors, and quotes have all transformed the author in poetic moments and should be more widely read. If the amazing writers can touch this poet's heart and drive creative and transformative acts they may have benefits for others too, hence drawing attention to them is important. In some cases reading passages have inspired poetry, others they have helped find a key to another locked component of psyche, and others have made the author realise the shared path of writers and poets. In respecting these friends their rights must be adhered to.

Other sources of inspiration and method are described in the author's thesis (Scanlon (2000) and published in [Scanlon \(2003\)](#), [\(2005\)](#)). It describes how human endeavour is one in which wholes and parts dance in a constant certainty and uncertainty, all at the same time, in our daily goings-on as we change and stay the same. The every-day conversations of business never have common meanings, rather people join and separate all at the same time in the act of meaning making - a paradox informed by the "New Sciences", group psychodynamics, and other fields of thought in relationship psychology. Beyond the every-day meaning making work creates amazing outputs through the conversations of planning and delivery. For more information read [Bateson \[1972\] \(2000\)](#), [Bion \[1961\] \(2000\)](#), [Cassirer \[1932\]\(1951\)](#), [Elias \(1995\)](#), [Fingarette, H. \(1963\)](#), [Foucault \(2007\)](#), [Foulkes & Anthony \(1957\)](#), [Foulkes \(1964\)](#), [Freud, S. \(1934\)](#), [Griffin, D. \(2002\)](#), [Habermas \(1978\)](#), [Kierkegaard \[1846\]\(1956\)](#), [Maslow \(1998\)](#), [Mead \(1932\)](#), [Miller \(1973\)](#), [Mintzberg \(1975\)](#), [May \[1950\]\(1996\)](#), [Ogden \(1997\)](#), [Rance \(1998\)](#), [Sartre \(1966\)](#), [Scanlon, C. \(2000\)](#), [Schön \(1983\)](#), [Schutz \(1979\)](#), [Shotter & Katz \(1996\)](#), [Stacey \(2000\)](#), [Stacey, Griffin](#)

& Shaw (2000), Tillich [1952](2000), Winnicott (1972), Whitehead (1925), and Yalom (1980), (1990), (1995).

In many conversations people have asked the author “What is the source of your poetry?”, which is intuitive hearing and seeing articulated in the words of poems. So the answer is difficult, as intuition cannot be mastered, the sources of poetry are many: all a poet can do is listen and ‘see.’ *“Nay more, a poetic intuition can be kept in the soul a long time, latent (though never forgotten), till some day it will come out of sleep, and compel to creation. But at that moment there is not need of any additional element, it is only a question of application to actual exercise. Everything was already there, contained in poetic intuition, everything was given, all the vitality, all the insight, all the strength of creativity which is now in act.... totality is now virtually given in the first line of a poem, as a gift from the pre-conscious life of the soul.”* Maritain (1997). Understanding intuition and the sources of creative act has been an obsession of this rational and scientifically trained author until the reading the above quote and many of books below, which made sense of my poetic experience. (Read Bowra (1947), (1961), Eliot (1953), Heller (1957), Jones (1952), Maritain (1997), Motion (1993), Murdoch (1998), Priestley (1960), Santayana (1955), Valéry (1985), Wilde (2103), or Thirty years of the Poetry Book Society 1956-1986) for a start in understanding poetic and artistic intuition).

The best articulation of the poetic act this author can find is that the poet takes all his experiences, knowledge, experience, philosophy, humanity and the current emotional state - present in the conversation - and mixes it all up into the outcome, the poem: a simple articulation of complex inputs (much like science!). If the poem has intrinsic value to those who helped shape it (the conversation - event, passage or poem read) and universal value to those not actively in the moment of creation then it is a “transformative” act: the poem becomes, in form and function, a beautiful thing (Santayana (1955)).

IF I DIE YOUNG (Verse 2)

Even if my verses are never printed,
They will have her beauty, if they are beautiful.
But they cannot be beautiful and be unseen,
Because her roots are deep within the earth

And her flowers bloom with fresh air in plain sight.
She needs to be this way for power: nothing can prevent her.

Caeiro (1925) (Heteronym for *Fernando Pessoa*, translated by *Scanlon (2018)*)

As the author trusts the instinctive muse then what is miraculous is that the other inspirations that shaped the poem also come into sharp focus - the books read, the passages with similar resonance etc etc. Clearly then these passages and quotes are intrinsically part of the 'intuitive', creative and transformative act.

Once the full extent of the transformation of the poem becomes clear then the author must find some way of citing the many disparate sources of input that shaped the creative act. This author wishes he was *David Jones* or *T.S. Eliot* and could pinpoint and cite all the sources of the act but he cannot, despite years of trying. Those poets are the greatest poets of the 20th century whilst this one is just simply a poet, inspired by a muse.

It is the idea of combining "quotes" from e-mails, referencing real conversations with friends, with writers "quotes", which have provided insights and broader influences in the act of engaged reading, and the poems they inspired that was the creative inspiration for the book "Poetry For Business; Continuing Conversations." All of these acts are conversations. The second idea was of writing over a year, a full year of conversations reflecting work in the four seasons, interweaved with the idea of learning, the seasons of growth over life. Weaved all together to reflect a humane truth of the every-day goings-on in the learning process of leading a good life. Though the hypothesis was clear the outcome was a constant evolving activity until the final form came together, much like a poem.

The following ideas evolved in the creative process. The four seasons were chosen in honour of *T.S. Eliot* (1971) *Four Quartets*, whilst the poems reflect the actual experience of the author through the four seasons of 2017 (each poem being released though www.foolishpoet.com during the same period). The chapter names also reflect the movement of change and stuck-ness of our existence through the choice of the titles, which also reference poets and writers who have inspired the writer, as well as stages of the change journey. Once again, reflecting the parts and wholes theme.

The design and “Transformative” act was therefore to subtly and unconsciously draw the reader in so the book becomes a whole, the full meaning, and a part, a given poem, all at the same time. In writing for friends and from ‘friends’ inspiration it is hoped that others gain insight too. The experience of reading the whole book hopefully leaves the reader with a feeling of something bigger, with each poem showing just a part.

However, to fully comply with principle 5 of [Code of Best Practices in Fair Use for Poetry](#), my own design principle would be broken and each quote used would need to be explained as to how it fits the context and position in the creative act called “Poetry For Business; Continuing Conversations.” The author does not want to make rational and explicit the elusive, just as a scientist never publishes the details in every experiment leading to a scientific paper.

In writing this explanation, over and above the need to comply with needs of copyright law, the scientific poet has accepted the need for the rational and elusive in the creative act. [Iris Murdoch](#) described the creative act of poetry as needing to mystify, whilst literatures aim is to clarify: both being essential needs for a balanced society ([Murdoch \(1998\)](#)). This also echoes the words of [Immanuel Kant \(Kant \(1784\)\)](#) who speaks of the need for order, direction, and obedience in working together in organisations whilst also taking the courage to speak freely in communities of like minded individuals: the balance between doing what you are told and freedom of expression in individual agency being the act of Enlightenment.

The balance between freedom of speech and the obedience to perform as instructed by respected leaders is the current challenge of many organisations, as they strive for order and creativity. So this act of explanation may further support my intended audience, the amazing people who strive everyday in the challenging environment of work, but goes against my need for freedom in the creative act.

Finally and in addition to the above explanations there is one other core belief of the author, for which there is much empirical evidence, that supports “Fair Use” or “Fair Dealing” or “Free Use” - Poetries role in the act of change and it’s relationship to education, training or learning. [Theodore Zeldin](#), at a Royal Society Lecture, captured the essence of the authors philosophy in a simple phrase “You can go about changing the

world in your way but I will go about it one conversation at a time.” The unit of emotional hereditary is conversation and the human artefacts which conversations create are the good works of hard working people (Books included). The author has realised from the many comments he has received, some quoted, that the poems have changed people, hence are educating. Literally, whilst writing this defence another comment was received “I read your poems with joy. They put me in a state where I need to calm down and reflect on life. Please keep sending them!” Pierre Wettergren (CEO). So poets and poems, with all their elusiveness, are educational and transformative in the conversations they create.

In constantly drawing attention to conversation it highlights the unstable nature of the “here and now”, where meaning is always made and is always in a process of ‘becoming.’ A philosophy at odds with traditional ways of planning and making change happen, which often focus on what the ‘thing’ is to become often ignoring the messiness of the current meaning making because it may involve more self-reflection: a lack of acceptance that a thing is what a thing is. It is therefore an intrinsic part of the creation of the book that learning occurs in the ‘micro’ interaction of the reader with the material. In the conversation occurring between the author and the reader reflection happens, which is why the quotes are so important in the creative act.

It is not expected that the “transformed” state is maintained or that the the ritual and habitual habits do not override the moment of reflection, where a clear need to ‘change’ is experienced: it is like the moment sun shines on a face before moving behind a cloud. In a more traditional sense the learning has not elicited a ‘cognitive behavioural change’ and may not be seen as educational. From the perspective of this author the duration of the feeling of learning is irrelevant; the moment of learning, the “Poetic Moment”, has still occurred. The authors cited have transformed this author beyond the momentarily reading experience. “Poets change the world one poem at a time.” So this creative act is educational, a core criteria for a acceptance in court of “Fair Use” or “Fair Dealing” or “Free Use”

In writing the book the author has been fully respectful of copyright authors, actively cited specific pages where quotes can be read in full context, paid careful attention as to

broader use of quotes (many of which I have not seen cited elsewhere, hence not popular), and drawn explicit attention to author and book.

So, against the intention of the creative acts need to stay elusive, the author has described how the quotes contribute to the creative act, the whole book.

The fusion and bridge between the poetry (all conversations - friends of all character) and the art (poetic intuitive expression of the everyday) and the science (the technology of modern digital communication fused with the old medium of books) is the intention of the whole book.

With the purpose of the creative act now more fully explained some of the mystery may be lost to the reader, who hopefully will read after completion of the poems and find their own meaning first. The explanation however fully meets the obligations of explaining the use and placement of quotes to comply with [Code of Best Practices in Fair Use for Poetry \(2011\)](#). This obligation is over and above the authors moral duty to seek permission to use the materials of friends; these friends, in all the conversations, provide the author with a passion, inspiration and desire to write poetry.

“Poetic intuition can neither be learned nor improved by exercise and discipline, for it depends on a certain natural freedom of the soul and the imaginative faculties and on the natural strength of the intellect. It cannot be improved in itself, it demands only to be listened to.” Maritain (1997).

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Even if my verses are never printed,
They will have her beauty, if they are beautiful.
But they cannot be beautiful and be unseen,
Because her roots are deep within the earth
And her flowers bloom with fresh air in plain sight.
She needs to be this way for power: nothing can prevent her.

Translated by Scanlon (2018) and currently unpublished

Mesmo que os meus versos nunca sejam impressos,
Eles lá terão a sua beleza, se forem belos.
Mas eles não podem ser belos e ficar por imprimir,
Porque as raízes podem estar debaixo da terra
Mas as flores florescem ao ar livre e à vista.
Tem que ser assim por força. Nada o pode impedir.

Fernando Pessoa (1915) (Creative Commons - Public Domain Mark 1.0 (2018).)

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Coleridge, S.T. (1997) *Spiritual Writings (Open Library)*. Spiritual Writings. Fount Paperbacks: London (Page 42) “All movements, except directly revolutionary ones, are headed, not by those who originate them, but by those who know best how to compromise between old opinions and new.” (Page 80) “How can a truth, new to us, be made our own without examination and self-questioning - any new truth, I mean, that relates to the properties of the mind, and it's various faculties and affections? But whatever demands effort, requires time. Ignorance seldom vaults into knowledge, but passes into it through an intermediate state of obscurity, even as night into day through twilight. All speculative truths begin with a postulate, even the truths of geometry. They all suppose an act of the will; for in the moral being lies the source of the intellectual. The first step to knowledge, or rather the previous condition of all insight into truth, is to dare to commune with our very and permanent self.” Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772 - 1834) work is no longer protected by copyright.

Elias, N. (1995) *The Symbol Theory (Open Library)*. Sage Publication: London. (Purchase - New, Used, Free). No quotes used, citation only. Norbert Elias's (1897 – 1990) work is protected by copyright.

Eliot, T.S. (1953) *The Three Voices of Poetry (Open Library)*. Cambridge University Press for the National Book League: London. (Purchase - Used). “The world of the great poetic dramatist is the world in which the creator is everywhere present and everywhere hidden.” T.S. Eliot © quote from quote from *The Three Voices of Poetry (Open Library)* is re-printed with kind permission of Faber and Faber Ltd on behalf of the Estate of T.S. Eliot.

Eliot, T.S. (1953) *The Use of Poetry and the use of criticism (Open Library)*. Faber & Faber: London. (Purchase - Used, New, Free). “Of Goethe perhaps it is truer to say that he dabbled in both philosophy and poetry and made no great success of either; his true role was that of the man of the world a sage - a La Rochefoucauld, a La Bruyère, a Vauvenargues.” (page 99). T.S. Eliot © quote from quote from “The Use of Poetry and the

use of criticism” is re-printed with kind permission of Faber and Faber Ltd on behalf of the Estate of T.S. Eliot.

Eliot, T.S. (1957) On Poetry and Poets (Open Library). Faber & Faber: London. “*In expressing what other people feel he is also changing the feeling by making it more conscious; he is making people more aware of what they feel already, and therefore teaching them something about themselves.*” “It matters little whether a poet had a large audience in their lifetime. What matters is that there should be at least a small audience for the poet.” T.S. Eliot © quote from quote from On Poetry and Poets (Open Library). is re-printed with kind permission of Faber and Faber Ltd on behalf of the Estate of T.S. Eliot.

Eliot, T.S. (1971) The Four Quartets (Open Library). Harcourt Brace & Company: London. (Purchase - Faber and Faber (New), Used) No quotes used, citation only.

Eliot, T.S. (1971) The Need for Roots: Prelude to a Declaration of Duties Towards Mankind (Open Library). (Preface) Harper & Row: New York. (Purchase - New, Used, Free).

“...seldom read, and which most of them would be unlikely to understand or to know how to apply. Such books do not influence the contemporary conduct of affairs: for the men and women already engaged in their career and committed to the jargon of the market place, they always come too late.” (Page xii). T.S. Eliot © quote from The Need for Roots is re-printed with kind permission of Faber and Faber Ltd on behalf of the Estate of T.S. Eliot (References: P170926/157)

Eliot, T.S. (1988) Thirty years of the Poetry Book Society 1956-1986 (Open Library), Edited by Jonathan Barker. Hutchinson: London. (Purchase - Used). “*The reputation of a poet spreads very slowly: a younger generation may never realize that some poet now famous in their eyes may have waited years before his work was known to more than a very small audience, and that it may have had to be fought for by a very few enthusiasts.*” (Page 46). T.S. Eliot © quote from Thirty years of the Poetry Book Society 1956-1986 is re-printed with kind permission of Faber and Faber Ltd on behalf of the Estate of T.S. Eliot (References: P171102/020).

Faber & Faber. (2018) Faber & Faber Permissions. Faber & Faber: London. No quotes used, citation only.

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Foucault, M. (2007) *The Politics of Truth (Open Library)*. Semiotext(e): Los Angeles. (Purchase - New, Used, Free). No quotes used, citation only. Paul-Michel Foucault's (1926 – 1984) work is protected by copyright.

Foulkes, S.H. & Anthony, E.J. (1957) *Group Psychotherapy: The Psychoanalytical approach (Open Library)*. London: Penguin. (Purchase - New, Used). No quotes used, citation only. S. H. Foulkes, Siegmund Heinrich Fuchs (1898 - 1976) and Elwyn James Anthony or James Anthony or E. James Anthony, M.D., D.P.M. (1916 – 2014) work is protected by copyright.

Foulkes, S.H. (1964) *Therapeutic Group Analysis (Open Library)*. George Allen & Unwin: London. (Purchase - New, Used). No quotes used, citation only. S. H. Foulkes, Siegmund Heinrich Fuchs (1898 - 1976) work is protected by copyright.

Freud, S. (1934) *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety (Open Library)*. The Hogarth Press Ltd: London. (Purchase - New, Used). No quotes used, citation only. Sigmund Freud's (1856 – 1939) work is no longer protected by copyright.

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Griffin, D. (2002) *The Emergence of Leadership: Linking self-organisation and ethics (Open Library)*. (Purchase - New, Used). London: Routledge. No quotes used, citation only. Doug Griffin's work is protected by copyright.

Government of India. (1958) *Handbook of Copyright Law.* Government of India. Ministry of Human Resource Development. Department of Secondary Education and Higher Education. No quotes used, citation only.

Government of India. (2018) Copyright Guidance. Copyright Office, Government of India: New Delhi. No quotes used, citation only.

Habermas, J. (1978), Knowledge and Human Interests (Open Library). London: Heinemann Educational Books. (Purchase - New or Used). No quotes used, citation only. Jürgen Habermas's (1929 -) work is protected by copyright.

Heller, E (1957) The Disinherited Mind: Essays in modern German literature and thought (Open Library). (Purchase - Used). Farrar, Straus and Cudahy: New York. No quotes used, citation only. Erich Heller's (1911 –1990) work is protected by copyright.

Hess, H. (1922) Siddhartha. Eine indische Dichtung. Fischer: Berlin. (Project Gutenberg EBook of Siddhartha, by Hermann Hesse - <http://www.gutenberg.org/2/4/9/2499/>).

Hermann Hesse (1877 - 1962) work is protected by copyright. Original translations were made and original text shown here for respect using freedom to use based upon (Creative Commons - Public Domain Mark 1.0 (2018)) and the Project Guttenberg License. The original text is not used in support of the text in book.

“The words do not express the in-between meanings well, they become increasingly all the same yet at the same time different, a little distorted, words a little foolish. At the same time it is very good and pleases me, and about this too I am satisfied, that one person’s precious and wise words sound like foolishness to another.”

“That is why I can, through her, love. This is now a lesson, about which you will laugh: Love, O Govinda, appears to me in everything and is the most important thing in our being. The whole world sees, explaining to you contempt, through what the great thinkers say. But I, solely because the world is able to love, feel it is better not to despise, and not to hate, but rather see you and I and everyone being at one in her love and admiration and reverence.”

Translated by David Scanlon (2018)

“Die Worte tun dem geheimen Sinn nicht gut, es wird immer alles gleich ein wenig anders, wenn man es ausspricht, ein wenig verfälscht, ein wenig närrisch—ja, und auch das ist

sehr gut und gefällt mir sehr, auch damit bin ich sehr einverstanden, daß das, was eines Menschen Schatz und Weisheit ist, dem andern immer wie Narrheit klingt."

Darum kann ich sie lieben. Und dies ist nun eine Lehre, über welche du lachen wirst: die Liebe, o Govinda, scheint mir von allem die Hauptsache zu sein. Die Welt zu durchschauen, sie zu erklären, sie zu verachten, mag großer Denker Sache sein. Mir aber liegt einzig daran, die Welt lieben zu können, sie nicht zu verachten, sie und mich nicht zu hassen, sie und mich und alle Wesen mit Liebe und Bewunderung und Ehrfurcht betrachten zu können."

Hermann Hess (1922) ([Creative Commons - Public Domain Mark 1.0 \(2018\)](#).)

[Intellectual Property Office \(1988\) Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988. As amended by the legislation indicated overleaf. United Kingdom Government - Crown Copyright: London.](#) No quotes used, citation only.

[Intellectual Property Office \(2014\) Exceptions to copyright. United Kingdom Government - Crown Copyright: London.](#) No quotes used, citation only.

[Intellectual Property Office \(2014\) Guidance Changes to copyright law. United Kingdom Government - Crown Copyright: London.](#) No quotes used, citation only.

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[Intellectual Property Office \(2014\) Exceptions to copyright: Guidance for creators and copyright owners. United Kingdom Government - Crown Copyright: London.](#) "Copyright law has changed to give people greater freedom to quote the works of others. You will not need to seek the permission of the copyright owner as long as the quotation is accompanied by a sufficient acknowledgement – which generally means the title and the author's name should be indicated, and as long as the use is considered reasonable and fair ("fair dealing")" Permissions granted under [Open Government Licence v3.0](#),

[Intellectual Property Office \(2017\) Copyright Acts and related laws. United Kingdom Government - Crown Copyright: London.](#) No quotes used, citation only.

Jones, D. (1952) *The Anathemata (Open Library)*. Faber & Faber: London. (Purchase - Faber and Faber (New)). “When rulers seek to impose a new order upon any such group belonging to one or other of these more primitive culture-phases, it is necessary for those rulers to take into account the influence of the poets as recalling something loved.” (Page 21). David Jones © quote from *The Anathemata* is re-printed with kind permission of Faber and Faber Ltd. (Reference: P170926/159) on behalf of the Estate of David Jones.

Jung, C.G (1983) *Jung: Selected Writings (Open Library)*. Fontana Press: London. (Purchase - New, Used, Free). No quotes used, citation only. Carl Gustav Jung's (1875 – 1961) work is protected by copyright.

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Jung, C.G (1991) *Psychological Types (Open Library)*. Routledge: London. (Purchase - New, Used, Free). No quotes used, citation only. Carl Gustav Jung's (1875 – 1961) work is protected by copyright.

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Kant, I. (1784) *Was ist Aufklärung?* Berlinische Monatsschrift: Berlin. (Purchase - New, Used, Free). No quotes used, citation only.

Kierkegaard, S. [1846](1956) *Purity of Heart is to Will One thing (Open Library)*. Harper & Brothers Publishers: New York. (Purchase - New or Used). No quotes used, citation only. Søren Aabye Kierkegaard (1813 – 1855) work is no longer protected by copyright.

Koestler, A. (1964) The Act of Creation (Open Library). Pan Books Ltd: London.
(Purchased - New or Used). *“It is a character trait which he shared with large number of great scientists. Ernst Jones remarked in an essay about Freud that creative genius seems to be a mixture of scepticism and naïveté: scepticism regarding the dogmas implied in traditional modes of thought, combined with the willingness of a wide-open mind to consider far-fetched theories.”* Arthur Koestler © extract from *The Act of Creation* by Arthur Koestler reprinted by permission of Peters Fraser & Dunlop (www.petersfraserdunlop.com) on behalf of the Estate of Arthur Koestler. Arthur Koestler’s, CBE (5 September 1905 – 1 March 1983) work is protected by copyright.

Kayyamm, O., (1110)[1900] The Rubaiyat of Omar Kayyamm, - Translated by Justin Huntley McCarthy. Little Brown & Company; Boston - (CCVII page 105). Omar Kayyamm (1048 -1131) work and Justin Huntley McCarthy no longer protected bby copyright.

Larkin, P. Quoted by Andrew Motion (1993) in Phillip Larkin - A Writers Life (Open Library). Faber and Faber: London. (Purchase - New). *“more and more I feel [the poet] should wander unnoticed through life, colourless and unremarkable, wearing ordinary clothes, smoking a common brand of cigarette, hair parted on left, queueing for cheap seats”* (page 130). P. Larkin © quote from *“Phillip Larkin - A Writers Life.”* is re-printed with kind permission of Faber and Faber Ltd on behalf of the Estate of P. Larkin.

Lawrence, T.E. (1935) Seven Pillars of Wisdom (Open Library). Jonathan Cape: London. (Purchase - New, Used, Free). *“All men dream: but not equally. Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their mind wake in the day to find that it was vanity: but the dreamers of the day are dangerous men, for they may act their dreams with open eyes, to make it possible.”* (Page 23). Thomas Edward Lawrence’s, CB, DSO (16 August 1888 – 19 May 1935) work is no longer within copyright. (Creative Commons - Public Domain Mark 1.0 (2018))

Linklater, E. (1942) The Raft and Socrates asks why? Two conversations. Macmillan & Co Ltd: London. Erik Linklater’s (1899 - 1974) work is protected by copyright.

MacNeice, L. (1965) The Faber Book of Modern Verse (Open Library), Edited By Michael Roberts. Faber & Faber: London. (Purchase - Faber and Faber (New), Used, Free). Louis

MacNeice © poem “Conversation” is re-printed with kind permission of David Higham Associates Ltd on behalf of the Estate of Louis MacNeice. Frederick Louis MacNeice’s CBE (12 September 1907 – 3 September 1963) work is protected by copyright.

MacNeice, L. (1988) Thirty years of the Poetry Book Society 1956-1986 (Open Library), Edited by Jonathan Barker. Hutchinson: London. (Purchase - Used). “I hold that poetry, far from being a release of gas, is more like a precision instrument - one that can be used where the other precision instrument, science, is completely and forever useless.” (Page 23) Louis MacNeice © quote from Thirty years of the Poetry Book Society 1956-1986 is re-printed with kind permission of David Higham Associates Ltd on behalf of the Estate of Louis MacNeice. Frederick Louis MacNeice’s CBE (12 September 1907 – 3 September 1963) work is protected by copyright.

Maeterlink, M. (1903) The Treasure of The Humble. George Allen: New York. “Certain it is that in the ordinary drama the indispensable dialogue by no means corresponds to realityOne may even affirm that the poem draws the nearer to beauty and loftier truth in the measure that it eliminates words that merely explain the action and replaces them by others that reveal not the so-called “soul-state,” but I know not what intangible and unceasing striving of the soul towards its beauty and truth” (Page xv-xvi). Maurice Maeterlinck (1862 – 1949) who’s work will shortly be no longer protected by copyright.

Maritain, J. (1997) Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry (Open Library). Princeton University Press: Princeton. (Purchase - New, Used, Free). “echoes, and intercommunicatins which the poet obscurely captures in the universe of Being” (Page 130). “Poetic intuition can neither be learned nor improved by exercise and discipline, for it depends on a certain natural freedom of the soul and the imaginative faculties and on the natural strength of the intellect. It cannot be improved in itself, it demands only to be listened to.” (Page 132) “Nay more, a poetic intuition can be kept in the soul a long time, latent (though never forgotten), till some day it will come out of sleep, and compel to creation. But at that moment there is not need of any additional element, it is only a question of application to actual exercise. Everything was already there, contained in poetic intuition, everything was given, all the vitality, all the insight, all the strength of creativity which is now in act.... totality is now virtually given in the first line of a poem, as a gift from the pre-conscious life

of the soul.” (Page 134). “*Poetic intuition can neither be learned nor improved by exercise and discipline, for it depends on a certain natural freedom of the soul and the imaginative faculties and on the natural strength of the intellect. It cannot be improved in itself, it demands only to be listened to.*” [Jacques Maritain](#) © quote from [Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry](#) permissions granted by [Copyright Clearance Center](#) (LICENSE #: 4201930143356). [Jacques Maritain's \(18 November 1882 – 28 April 1973\)](#) work is protected by copyright.

[Maslow, A.H.](#) (1998) [Toward a Psychology of Being, third edition \(Open Library\)](#) . Lowry, R. (Ed). John Wiley & Sons: London. (Purchase - [New or Used](#)). No quotes used, citation only. [Abraham Harold Maslow's \(1908 – 1970\)](#) work is protected by copyright.

[May, R.](#) [1950](1996) [The Meaning of Anxiety \(Open Library\)](#). W.W Norton & Co: New York. (Purchase - [New or Used](#), [Free](#)). No quotes used, citation only. [Rollo Reese May's \(April 21, 1909 – October 22, 1994\)](#) work is protected by copyright.

[Mead, G.H.](#) (1932) [Philosophy of the Present \(Open Library\)](#). The Open Court Publishing Company: La Salle. (Purchase - [New or Used](#), [Free](#)). No quotes used, citation only.

[Mead, G.H.](#) (1923) [Scientific method and the moral sciences \(Open Library\)](#). International Journal of Volume 33, Issue 3 (1923): 229-247. “*Scientific method is not an agent foreign to the mind, that may be called in and dismayed at will. It is an integral part of human intelligence, and when it has once been set to work it can only be dismissed by dismissing the intelligence itself.*” [George Herbert Mead's \(February 27, 1863 – April 26, 1931\)](#) work is no longer within copyright. ([Creative Commons - Public Domain Mark 1.0 \(2018\).](#))

[Miller, A.](#) (1973) [The Drama of the Gifted Child and the Search for the True Self \(Open Library\)](#). Faber & Faber: London. (Purchase - [New or Used](#)). No quotes used, citation only. [Alice Miller's, born as Alicija Englard \(1923 – 2010\)](#) work is protected by copyright.

[Mills, J.S.](#) (1971) [Mill on Bentham and Coleridge](#). Chatto & Windus: London. (Purchase - [New or Used](#)). No quotes used, citation only. [John Stuart Mill's \(20 May 1806 – 8 May 1873\)](#) work is no longer within copyright.

Mills, J.S. (1859) Bentham. London and Westminster Review, Aug. 1838, revised in 1859 in Dissertations and Discussion, vol. 1. “All movements, except directly revolutionary ones, are headed, not by those who originate them, but by those who know best how to compromise between the old opinions and the new.” John Stuart Mill’s (20 May 1806 – 8 May 1873) work is no longer within copyright. (Creative Commons - Public Domain Mark 1.0 (2018).)

Mintzberg, H. [1975](1990) “The managers job: Folklore or fact,” Harvard Business Review July-August; 49-61. No quotes used, citation only. Henry Mintzberg’s, OC OQ FRSC (1939 -) work is protected by copyright.

Mumford, L. (1954) In the Name of Sanity (Open Library). Harcourt, Brace & Company: New York. (Purchase - New or Used). “Our first obligation is the restoration of our own capacity to be human: to think and feel as whole men, not as specialists, not as ideologists, not as partisans and experts, not as political or religious sectarians, not as tribalists and nationalists, but as exponents of what is veritably human..” Quote from In the Name of Sanity by Lewis Mumford © 1954 by Elizabeth M Morss and James G Morss. Reprinted by permission. Lewis Mumford’s, KBE (October 19, 1895 – January 26, 1990) work is protected by copyright.

Murdoch, I. (1998) Existentialists and mystics: writings on philosophy and literature (Open Library). The Penguin Press: London. (Purchase - New, Used, Free). “Read wonderful quote by the marvellous Iris Murdoch. In speaking of art and morals Iris describes beautifully the place for love beyond self-love and the excitement of finding reality.” (page XIV-XV – Lines Start 33 – End Line 1 next page). Permissions not granted for free use of quote. Author has used own words to draw attention to quote, which is available here (Link). Dame Jean Iris Murdoch DBE’s (15 July 1919 – 8 February 1999) work is protected by copyright.

Nietzsche, F.W. (1887) Die fröhliche Wissenschaft,..la gaya scienza. Verlag von E. W. Fritsch: Leipzig. (page 71 and 92). (Translated by D.J. Scanlon (2018)). Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche’s (15 October 1844 – 25 August 1900) work is no longer within copyright. (Creative Commons - Public Domain Mark 1.0 (2018).)

“156. Der Einflussreichste. — Dass ein Mensch seiner ganzen Zeit Widerstand leistet, sie am Thore aufhält und zur Rechenschaft zieht, das muss Einfluss üben! Ob er es will, ist gleichgültig; dass er es kann, ist die Sache.”

“156. The Most Influential Person - That a person resists the whole all his Time, stopping them at the gate and holding them accountable, it **must** have an influence! Whether he wants too is not a concern; that he **can** that is the thing.” (Page 71)

“305. Selbstbeherrschung . —Denn man muss sich auf Zeiten verlieren können, wenn man den Dingen, die wir nicht selber sind, Etwas ablernen will.”

“305. Self-control - Because we must in these days be able to lose ourselves, given the things which we are and they are not, if we want to learn something.” (Page 92)

O'Donohue, J. (2000) Eternal Echoes.. Cliff Street Books: New York. “Styles of presence: the encouraging presence helps you awaken your gift” (Page 63) used on page 36. (Purchase - New or Used). John O'Donohue (1956-2008) work is protected by copyright.

Ogden, T. (1997) Reverie and Interpretation: Sensing something human (Open Library). Jason Aronson Inc: New Jersey. (Purchase - New or Used). No quotes used, citation only. Thomas Ogen's work is protected by copyright.

Paracelsus (1951)[1942] Theophrastus Paracelsus: Lebendiges Erbe. Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd: London. “He who knows nothing loves nothing. He who can do nothing understands nothing. He who understands nothing is worthless. But he who understands also loves, notices, sees. . . . The more knowledge is inherent in a thing, the greater the love. . . . Everything lies in knowledge. From it comes every fruit. Knowledge bestows faith; for he who knows God believes in Him. He who does not know Him does not believe in Him. Everyone believes in what he knows.” (Page 237) . Paracelsus or Theophrastus von Hohenheim (1493 – 1541) work is no longer protected by copyright.

Pascal, B. (1669) Pensées sur la religion et sur quelques autres sujets Misère 22, III. MISÈRE 74-454 Injustice, Misère 23,403-174 Misère. (Translated by D.J. Scanlon (2018)). Blaise Pascal's (19 June 1623 – 19 August 1662) work is no longer within copyright. (Creative Commons - Public Domain Mark 1.0 (2018).)

“Le sentiment de la fausseté des plaisirs présents et l’ignorance de la vanité des plaisirs absents cause l’inconstance. (Misère 22,). Ils n’ont pas trouvé d’autre moyen de satisfaire leur concupiscence sans faire tort aux autres. (Misère 22). Job et Salomon. Salomon et Job ont le mieux connu et le mieux parlé de la misère de l’homme, l’un le plus heureux et l’autre le plus malheureux. L’un connaissant la vanité des plaisirs par expérience, l’autre la réalité des maux. (403-174 Misère.)”

“Perception from the foolish feelings of present pleasures and vain ignorance of absent pleasures causes inconsistencies. For man there is an issue as he cannot find other ways of fulfilling his greed without doing harm to others. Job and Solomon have best known and spoken of the misery of man, the happiest and the most unhappy. One knows the vanity of pleasure by experience, the other the reality of evils.”

Poetry Foundation (2018) Privacy Policy & Terms of Use. Poetry Foundation: Chicago. No quotes used, citation only.

Priestley, J.B. (1960) Literature & Western Man (Open Library). Heinemann: London. (Purchase - Used). *“James declared in effect that any idea may be held to be true if it works, that is, if it helps man to live wisely and happily.....although this pragmatic view may do no harm when it is held by a man with the integrity and generous altruism of a William James, it is capable of doing much mischief among men who care nothing for truth and the facts, but merely want to justify any line of action they would like to take. If an idea can be assumed to be true just because it enables us to do what we want to do, we have soon left philosophy behind and are in the world of lying propaganda”* (Page 307-8). Extract from Literature & Western Man by J.B. Priestley reprinted by permission of United Agents on behalf of the Estate of J.B. Priestley.

Princeton University Press (2018) Princeton University Press Guidelines for Fair Use. Princeton University Press: Princeton. No quotes used, citation only.

Rance, C. (1998) “The art of conversation: The group-analytic paradigm and organisational consultancy,” Group Analysis Vol 31: 519-531. No quotes used, citation only.

Redgrove, P. (1988) Thirty years of the Poetry Book Society 1956-1986 (Open Library), Edited by Jonathan Barker. Hutchinson: London. (Purchase - Used). “it is in England that Science and Art have been kept rigidly apart. Yet it is easy to see, particularly nowadays, how Science and Imagination must work together to give a modern account of the human universe. I myself believe that ‘poetry, not abandoning itself to the unconscious, but seizing it and raising itself as far as possible into the consciousness, ... prefigures a final reconciliation of the two.’” (Page 167). Peter Redgrove © quote from Thirty years of the Poetry Book Society 1956-1986 is re-printed with kind permission of David Higham Associates Ltd on behalf of the Estate of Peter Redgrove.

RK Dewan & Co. (2014) India Exceptions to copyright infringement – fair dealing. Globe Business Media Group: London. No quotes used, citation only.

Roberts, M. (1936) The Faber Book of Modern Verse (Open Library). Faber & Faber: London. (Purchase - Faber and Faber (New), Used, Free). “More often than prose or mathematics, poetry is received in a hostile spirit, as if its publication were an affront to the reader; yet most of the poetry which is published probably appears because, at the time of writing, it delighted the writer and convinced him that it held some profound significance or some exact description which he hoped that others, too, might see.” (Page 1). Michael Roberts © quote from The Faber Book of Modern Verse is re-printed with kind permission of Faber and Faber Ltd. (Reference: P170926/158). Michael Roberts (6 December 1902 – 13 December 1948) work is protected by copyright.

Santayana, G. (1955) The Sense of Beauty: Being the Outline of Aesthetic Theory (Open Library). (Purchase - New or Used, Free). Dover Publications: New York. No quotes used, citation only. Jorge Agustín Nicolás Ruiz de Santayana y Borrás, known in English as George Santayana’s (December 16, 1863 – September 26, 1952) work is protected by copyright.

Sartre, J-P. (1966) Existentialism & humanism (Open Library). Methuan & Co: London. (Purchase - New or Used). No quotes used, citation only. Jean-Paul Charles Aymard Sartre’s (1905 – 1980) work is protected by copyright.

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Fourth Edition (Open Library) Prentice Hall: London No quotes used, citation only.

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Alberto Caeiro is one the heteronym's of Fernando António Nogueira Pessoa (13 June
1888 – 30 November 1935) who's work is no longer protected by copyright. David
Scanlon's work is protected by copyright.

Even if my verses are never printed,
They will have her beauty, if they are beautiful.
But they cannot be beautiful and be unseen,
Because her roots are deep within the earth
And her flowers bloom with fresh air in plain sight.
She needs to be this way for power: nothing can prevent her.

Translated by Scanlon (2018) and currently unpublished

Mesmo que os meus versos nunca sejam impressos,
Eles lá terão a sua beleza, se forem belos.
Mas eles não podem ser belos e ficar por imprimir,
Porque as raízes podem estar debaixo da terra
Mas as flores florescem ao ar livre e à vista.
Tem que ser assim por força. Nada o pode impedir.

[Fernando Pessoa \(1915\) \(Creative Commons - Public Domain Mark 1.0 \(2018\).\)](#)

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